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WESTERN AMERICANA

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OUR NEW STATES AND TERRITORIES.

COLORADO,

UTAH,

MONTANA,

IDAHO,

NEVADA,

OREGON,

Washington Territory,

AND

CALIFORNIA.

BY ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

New-York:
DEXTER AND COMPANY, 119 WILLIAM STREET.
Price 50 Cents.

Ready January Twenty-Fourth.

MRS. CATHARINE A. WARFIELD'S NEW WORK:

ROMANCE OF THE GREEN SEAL.

Octavo: Paper Cover. Frontispiece on toned paper.

Beyond question Mrs. Warfield is one of the most original and imaginative writers in America. Her "Hypochile of Barrancas" created a real sensation, particularly among those of critical taste and of wide acquaintance with foreign as well as home literature. By those the lady is now regarded as holding our first rank[illegible]. This new production is, in many respects, a remarkable work. It is [illegible] more intense, more startling, more overwhelming interest, with little "padding" [illegible] with enough episode [illegible] to produce a feeling of novelty, power and effect. From first [illegible] to last [illegible] with the [illegible] interest. Yet, all is so contrived, in the more [illegible] as to [illegible] verisimilitude. There [illegible] who would be tempted, by contact with a work of [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] and of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

OUR

NEW STATES AND TERRITORIES,

BEING NOTES OF

A RECENT TOUR OF OBSERVATION

THROUGH

COLORADO, UTAH, IDAHO, NEVADA, OREGON,

MONTANA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY AND CALIFORNIA.

ILLUSTRATED FROM

SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS,

TAKEN ON THE SPOT, OF

TOWNS, MINING OPERATIONS, PERSONS, INCIDENTS, SCENERY, ETC.

BY ALBERT D. RICHARDSON, 1833-1869

NEW YORK:
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COLORADO.

CLIMBING PIKE'S PEAK.

IN 1861, when old members of the American constellation were passing under eclipse, a new star began to glimmer faintly among the nebulæ of our western skies. Now, rounded into form and full high advanced in the heavens, it is ready to join that shining group, which, thank God! has no lost Pleiad to mourn. The wayward sisters came back in peace, to find Nevada, girdled with silver, born into the family during their absence. Now Colorado, youngest child of all, her arms heaped with gold and her hair wet with mountain dew, trips up to the national threshold, knocking for admission. And this is the story she tells of her infancy:

From earnest explorations by white men, the vast regions of sand and alkali,

sage-brush, grease-wood and cactus, extending from Western Kansas to the Sierra Nevadas, and from the British Possessions to Northern Mexico, was called the "Great American Desert." Its boundless wastes, often sweeping for hundreds of miles in dreary sandhills and plains, destitute of water, trees and grass, were peculiarly repulsive, and believed to be utterly unproductive. But the Rocky Mountains, crossing this whole tract from north to south, in a series of ranges sometimes a thousand miles in width, were more alluring. Their deep-green forests of pine and fir, their flashing streams and lovely vistas of greensward, inclosed by vast walls of rock, with snow-covered summits, were a pleasant relief to the eye long wearied by desert wastes. There were early traditions of gold and other treasures. A book published in Cincinnati nearly fifty years ago, says:

"These mountains are supposed to contain minerals, precious stones, and gold and silver ore. It is but late that they have taken the name Rocky Mountains; by all the old travelers they are called the Shining Mountains, from an infinite number of crystal stones of an amazing size, with which they are covered, and which, when the sun shines full upon them, sparkle so as to be seen at a great distance. The same early travelers gave it as their opinion that in future these mountains would be found to contain more riches than those of Indostan and Malabar, or the golden coast of Guinea, or the mines of Peru."

These surmises excited little notice, for the "early travelers" believed every mountain of the New World an Eldorado and every stream a Pactolus. The first statement which appeared worthy of serious attention was made by Colonel William Gilpin, of the United States army. This gentleman, a close observer and a zealous student of the natural sciences, crossed the continent with a party of Oregon explorers, and afterward with his command, during the Mexican war. In 1849, in a public address at Independence, Missouri, as the result of all his observations, he asserted the abundant existence of gold, silver and precious stones throughout the Rocky Mountains.

But his hearers voted him an enthusiast, and for ten years longer the only white inhabitants of the remote mountains continued to be trappers and traders. Like all men in constant peril and among strong excitements, the trappers found a strange fascination in their dangerous career, though the rifles and arrows of bloodthirsty savages made it a very gantlet of death. They adopted the dress and habits of the aborigines, buying one or more squaws to lighten their labors, and "rear their dusky race." Kit Carson, who asserts that the happiest days of his life were spent among the trappers, gave me a striking illustration of the wonderfully healthy air of the mountains. "Our ordinary fare," said he, "consisted of fresh beaver and buffalo-meat, without salt, bread or vegetables of any kind. Once or twice a year, when supplies arrived from the States, we had flour and coffee for one or two meals, though they cost one dollar a pint. During the winter, when visiting our traps twice a day, we were often compelled to break through the ice, and wade in the water up to our waists. Notwithstanding these hardships and irregular habits, sickness was absolutely unknown among us. I lived ten years in the mountains, with from one to three hundred trappers, and I can not remember that, during the whole period, a single one of them ever died from disease." In that golden age of the trappers, beaver-skins commanded eight dollars a pound, and every stream and cañon was rich in game. Now, beavers and otter are almost extinct, and the few remaining trappers, like true Conservatives, sigh for the good old times which were, and return not.

In the autumn of 1858, several young men who went out from Lawrence, Kansas, six months before, returned with the report that they had found rich deposits of gold near the base of Pike's Peak. They told very extravagant stories; but their words and performances were no more kin together than Iago's; for all the dust they could exhibit had been brought home in quills, and would not have purchased their week's board. But,

GO FOR PIKE'S PEAK.

their reports were swollen by "the well-known proclivity of lumps to increase in size the further they roll," and gold—talismanic word!—stirred the hearts of the mercurial population of the frontier. Several hundred persons immediately started for Pike's Peak—among them a persevering printer, who, with precisely ten cents in his pocket, trundled his complete outfit of clothing, provisions and mining tools in a wheelbarrow, seven hundred miles from Kansas City to the base of the mountains!

Early the next spring, the plains assumed the appearance of a densely populated region. Vague and unreliable as was the intelligence from the alleged mines, a line of daily stages was established from Leavenworth at an expense of eight hundred dollars per day. All the great thoroughfares leading westward from the Missouri were white with wagons; and by night, the smoke of ten thousand camp-fires curled to the astonished clouds. Some emigrants drew their entire supplies in handcarts, to which they had harnessed *themselves;* others bore them packed upon their backs—domestic Atlases, with their little world upon their shoulders.

Some who started too early had hands and feet frozen. Others consumed all their provisions before one-third of the journey was accomplished, and were fed for weeks by those more bountifully supplied. Thousands took an unexplored route, up the Smoky Hill River, where grass and water proved wofully scarce, and fearful suffering prevailed. The road was lined with cooking-stoves, clothing and mining tools, thrown away to lighten the loads. In the absence of grass, many emigrants were compelled to feed flour to their weakened cattle. Some wandered off upon the desert, in the hope of finding a shorter route, and nearly perished with hunger. A few died from

starvation, and one emigrant from Missouri actually subsisted for several days upon the body of his deceased brother, and when found was a raving maniac.

But, on the Platte route, journeying was pleasanter. Let us try to picture it. Ascend the nearest bluff, and you see the great smooth road, perhaps for twenty miles, one continuous procession of men and wagons. There is something grand about this mighty crusade, pressing steadily to its goal. Poverty and wealth, culture and ignorance, age and infancy, man's ambition and woman's love, all are here, and all marching to the music of Whittier:

> "We cross the prairie as of old
> Our fathers crossed the sea;
> To make the West, as they the East,
> The empire of the free."

At night, you sometimes pitch your tent within half a mile of a thousand of these hopeful pilgrims. Come to this encampment, and see how kindly frontier families take to a roving life. The long, heavy wagon, its roof covered with white cotton cloth, stands a few yards from the road. The tired oxen graze upon the neighboring prairie. Three or four white-headed children are playing in the vicinity. The husband is milking the family cow; the wife is cooking a supper of griddle-cakes, coffee and bacon, at the camp-stove; the hens are cackling socially from their coop; and the old family dog wags his tail approvingly, but watches, with solicitous care, the baby creeping about the door of the tent.

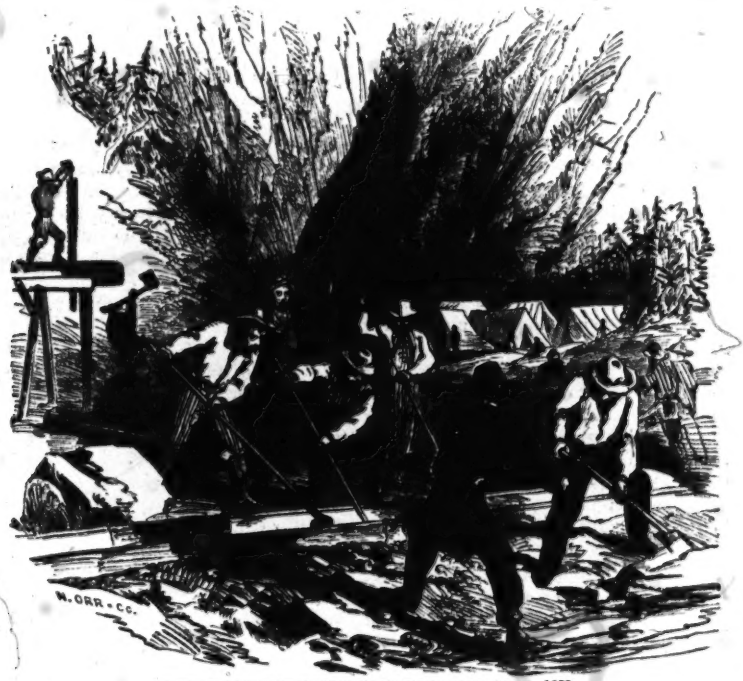
Two hundred miles out, you leave the last farming settlements, and human habitations almost cease; but every day you encounter that mercantile establishment known by the pretentious name of "Grocery," which, like the gallows, is an inevitable outpost of civilization.

Three hundred miles out, the emigrants struck the Platte River, and continued up its south bank four hundred miles further, to their journey's end. In its valley, from two to ten miles wide, tall grass sways gracefully in the wind, and the wild helianthus turns its laughing face to the sun; but on each side is the "Great American Desert," with its arid

GROCERY.

soil, stunted shrubs, withered grass and brackish waters, often poisonous for cattle and men. At times its rivers are deep enough to float a man-of-war; but during most of the year, their beds need sprinkling to keep down the dust. Sometimes they sink, through quicksands, abruptly into the earth, and run under ground for twenty or thirty miles, when they again gush up as suddenly as they disappeared.

The emigrant could cross the plains aristocratically by stage coach, democratically on foot, or respectably with a horse or ox-team. In most cases he traveled respectably, and in from thirty to sixty days accomplished the seven hundred miles. It made him realize how the railway condenses life; for the locomotive would have annihilated the distance in thirty hours. But he was thankful to reach his goal; for the road by which he came had been passed over successively by Oregon pioneers, soldiers, Mormons, and California emigrants; and was dotted with graves thicker than mile-stones. Yet he found a novel and pleasant experience. He had felt the wild pleasure of buffalo-hunting among the largest herds and grandest pastures in the world; had shaken a rattlesnake from his blanket at night; had smiled to hear every lady on the road apologize for her uncouth appearance, and had learned the occult mysteries of cooking his own breakfast. He had fished in the Platte, philosophized among the prairie-dogs, hobnobbed with the Indians; had his tent blown down and his clothing drenched



SCENE IN THE GREGORY GOLD DIGGINGS, MAY, 1859.

by a midnight storm; and hungered and thirsted daily for the newspaper of civilization. After many monotonous days upon the naked prairie and the dreary desert, the resinous odor of the pines rose like sweet incense to his nostrils; and the Mecca of his pilgrimage—the Mother Mountains, as the old Spaniards called them—loomed up grandly before his charmed and astonished eyes. He passed through Denver City (of which something hereafter), crossed the Platte and Clear Creek; climbed the abrupt mountain wall, over roads like the roof of a house, and reached what was then known as the Pike's Peak gold-diggings, though seventy miles from the great mountain whose name they bore.

Meanwhile, the first extravagant reports proved to be based on anticipation, not experience. The prospectors had found "the color"—not paying placers, but infinitesimal quantities of shining dust, and nothing more. Of the few men engaged in mining, not half a dozen were realizing one dollar per day. But, on the sixth of May, 1859, John H. Gregory—an old Georgia miner—struck rich deposits of gold in the heart of the mountains, upon the head-waters of Clear Creek; and from that discovery dates the history of Colorado, as an ascertained gold region.

Just one month later, in company with Horace Greeley, I first saw the pioneers hard at work in the hot ravines, at gulch or placer mining.

The dirt is shoveled into a long wooden trough, or sluice, and stirred with hoes, while a stream of water pours through it, washing it away, and leaving the heavy gold-dust to sink to the bottom. When the gold is imbedded in quartz, and can only be obtained through crushing the rock to powder by machinery, the operation is called quartz-

mining. As yet, however, there were no quartz-mills within a thousand miles of Colorado.

The new mines were a busy scene. Some fifty log cabins had been erected; tents and "camps," covered with pine boards were very numerous; hundreds of workmen were busy at the sluices; lumber was sawn out by hand, and the mountains rung with the sounds of ax, hammer, saw, pick and spade.

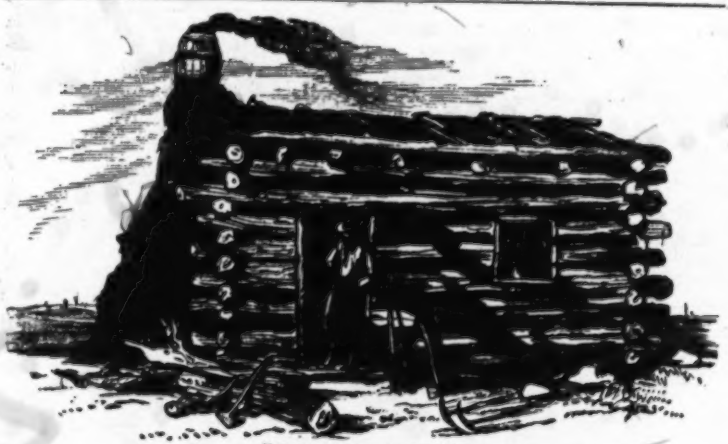
In the evening the valley was lighted with scores of camp-fires, casting the shadows of the tall pines and firs in every direction, and throwing a lurid glare upon the swarthy faces of the miners. Some were cooking in the open air, some taking their evening meal, upon tables of pine bark, and others sitting upon logs or reclining upon the ground, smoking and talking. From one camp issued the lively notes of a violin; and from another "Home, sweet home" floated forth upon the evening air, in a low, plaintive voice, which told that the heart of the singer was with dear ones far away.

A walk through the diggings on Sunday morning, revealed nearly all the miners disguised in clean clothing. Some were reading and writing letters, some ministering to the sick, and some enacting the part of every-man-his-own-washer-woman—scrubbing away at the tub like so many laundresses. Several hundred men, in the open air, were attending public religious worship—the first, perhaps, ever held in the Rocky Mountains. They were roughly clad, displaying weapons at their belts, and represented every section of the Union, and almost every nation of the earth. They sat upon logs and stumps, a remarkably attentive congregation—while the clergyman, upon a rude log platform, was preaching from the text: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." It was an impressive spectacle, that motley gathering of gold-seekers among the mountains, a thousand miles from home and civilization, to hear the "good tidings" which are forever old and yet forever new.

After spending a few days in the mines, we returned (forty miles) to the valley, where a young city was springing up. Making governments and building towns are the natural employments of the migratory Yankee. He takes to them as instinctively as a young duck to water. Congregate a hundred Americans any where beyond the settlements, and they immediately lay out a city, frame a State Constitution, and apply for admission into the Union, while twenty-five of them become candidates for the United States Senate. True to this instinct, the people of this unfledged community were already making a State constitution, and months before, they had laid out Denver City.

It was a most forlorn and desolate-looking metropolis. Of the two or three hundred rough log cabins which composed it, more than half were unfinished and tenantless. There was not a single frame building, nor half a dozen glass windows in the town. If my memory is faithful, there were just five women in the whole gold region; and the appearance of a bonnet in the street was the signal for the entire population to rush to the cabin doors and gaze upon its wearer as at any other natural curiosity. The men who gathered about our coach on its arrival, were attired in slouched hats, tattered woolen shirts, pantaloons of buckskin, and Indian moccasins; and had knives and revolvers suspended from their belts.

Of course we took lodgings at the first-class hotel—an enormous wooden structure with walls of logs, a floor of mother earth, and windows and roof of cotton cloth. True to the national instinct, the *habitués* of its great drinking and gambling saloon, which occupied nearly the whole building, demanded a speech. On one side the tipplers at the bar silently sipped their grog; on the other, the gamblers respectfully suspended the shuffling of cards and the counting of money from their huge piles of gold and silver coin, while Mr. Greeley, standing between them, made a strong anti-drinking and anti-gambling speech, which was received with perfect good humor. The hotel proved unfavorable to literary pursuits. So, according to



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

the custom of the country, we "jumped a cabin"—*i. e.*, selected the best empty one we could find, moved in our effects and took possession.

"Imagination fondly stoops to trace,
The parlor splendors of that festive place."

It was twelve feet square, of hewn pine logs, new and smooth, the cracks within chinked with wood, and outside plastered with mud. A great fireplace of adobe (sun-dried brick) occupied one corner. A single chair of elders, fresh from the woods, with the bark still on, a little table of same material, and the rare luxury of a mattress, resting upon slats, laid across from one log to another, constituted the furniture. The roof was of baked mud, upon a layer of split logs and grass; the floor of hard, smooth earth. No window invited adventurous burglars; and the solitary door, which swung upon wooden hinges, opened to the touch of no key but a pen-knife. We extemporized a shelf, from which a few books looked down with a bewildered air, carpeted the ground with coffee-sacks, and did we not take our ease in our inn?

A few days later, the owner of the cabin came down from the mines, and looked in upon us quite unexpectedly; but observing that the nine points of the law were in our favor, he apologized humbly for his intrusion (most obsequious and marvelous of landlords), begged us to make ourselves entirely at home, and then withdrew, to jump the best vacant cabin *he* could find, until the departure of his non-paying tenants. We design exhibiting him at the Paris Exhibition, as the politest gentleman in the known world!

A thousand Arapahoe Indians were encamped in the heart of the town. The Noble Savage is long ago extinct, if he ever existed outside of Cooper's novels. The Indian is organically treacherous, cowardly, filthy and cruel. But one Arapahoe chief, known as the "Little Raven," was the nearest approximation I ever met to the Ideal Indian. He had a fine, manly form, and a humane, trustworthy face. To spend an hour in our cabin was his custom always of an afternoon; and, though his entire ignorance of English was only equaled by my utter innocence of Arapahoe, we held pleasant communion together. Our conversations were carried on by signs and the very few words we had in common. The tongue was weak, but the gesticulation was eloquent.

Usually, by some means, we could make each other comprehend; but twice or thrice we became, as the actors say, hopelessly "stuck." Then my visitor sent for one "Left Hand," a linguist;

for as Day and Martin, the great blacking manufacturers, "kept a poet," so the chief of the Arapahoes maintained an interpreter. Left Hand spoke English fluently, having acquired it from the traders in boyhood; and was soon able to extricate us from our conversational quagmire.

Let me report from memory one of our interviews:

Little Raven enters my domicil, salutes me with a cordial grunt and a shake of the hand. I place him in the only chair the cabin affords, perching myself upon the table; fill his long pipe with Virginia tobacco; light a cigar on my own account, out of deference to Indian etiquette; and then ensues a period of solemn and smoky silence. An occasional remark is ventured about the weather, the Utes, the mines, etc.; gradually we become communicative, and at last familiar. He studies one of my maps with great curiosity and attention; inquires earnestly for the whereabouts, upon it, of the home of the Great Father at Washington; and asks other questions which show how vague stories of the

1860.—EDITORIAL ROOM OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS.

wonders of civilization have thrilled his simple heart, as fabulous tales of the wealth of the Western world thrilled the Spaniards of old. At last he folds the map and commences interrogating me on personal matters:

"Who is my companion?" nodding at Mr. Greeley, who, sprained by the overturning of a coach, is an invalid upon our mattress. I reply that he is a mighty chieftain, named the Gray Goose Quill, endeavoring to explain that his realm is purely intellectual and spiritual, but giving up in despair when the Raven interrupts me, to inquire how many horses he owns!

"Where is my lodge?" I signify that it is by the great waters, many sleeps away; at which he gazes on me in wonder, slightly tinged with that incredulity which civilized persons sometimes manifest at the tales of travelers. "How many squaws and pappooses have I?" When I have replied with due humility, he exultantly assures me that he is the happy husband of seven squaws, and the proud parent of ten pappooses! The comparison is odious; he evidently feels his social superiority.

"How many horses have I?" Sorrowfully I admit that I can lay claim to no solitary piece of horseflesh The

1860.—BLAKE STREET, DENVER.

Raven points triumphantly to his thirty sleek ponies grazing on the neighboring sward. As one's wealth and position in Arapahoe eyes depend solely on the number of his wives and horses, I feel that the Raven is becoming directly personal, and inferentially abusive. So I place *him* in the witness-box, and become questioner myself.

"How many revolvers has he?" He shrugs his shoulders, and describes the number by a pantomimic cipher. I produce Colt's new patent, which he examines with great curiosity and admiration; handles cautiously as if it were an infernal machine; and shows a childish satisfaction, not unmingled with terror, as I discharge the five barrels in rapid

1860.—SAINT CHARLES STREET.

succession. "How much," he ventures to ask, "did it cost?" I mention an almost fabulous sum, and his respect for me is visibly augmented. Even the Indian, you perceive, is moved by the almighty dollar—or, rather, by the almighty half-dollar, for that is the only denomination of specie in which he will receive payments.

I follow up my advantage: "How many locomotives has he?" A mournful shake of the head is his only response; and while I convey to him such crude ideas as I may of the fiery, untiring monster, which will carry me further in one sleep (day) than his fleetest horse can bear him in ten, he manifests intense interest; and signifies that he has heard of the prodigy before, but never saw him. The impression left upon his mind, that I am the personal and individual owner of several of these monsters, I am careful not to dissipate; and thereafter he treats me with the profound deference due a "big Injun," and a fit associate of the Arapahoe king! And so, the topics of the day exhausted, with another cordial hand-shaking, he takes his departure. Alas for Little Raven! Immortality did not hedge the king. A year later he was killed in battle with the Utes.

In 1860, I again spent the summer at Denver. It was fast assuming the features of civilization, boasting daily mails and expresses, the approach of the telegraph, fine brick blocks, and three daily newspapers. There was the conflict which seems inevitable in all new countries, between the desperadoes and the quiet, industrious citizens. No civil laws were yet in force; robberies and homicides were frequent; and about once a month, the people organized a vigilance committee, and after a fair trial, either hung or banished the leading criminals—a desperate remedy for a desperate disease. But, they never punished an innocent man, and succeeded in rendering life and property reasonably secure. By opposing the party of the desperadoes, the "Rocky Mountain Daily News" had incurred their intense hostility, and subjected its conductors to several murderous attacks. Its editors never went out without converting themselves into walking arsenals, and their "Sanctum" was always prepared to undergo a siege; the compositors worked at their cases with shot-guns standing beside them; and rifles and revolvers were used for paper-weights on the editorial table.

The streets were a busy scene, presenting every possible style of architecture, and crowded with busy men in all costumes, from broadcloths to breechcloths.

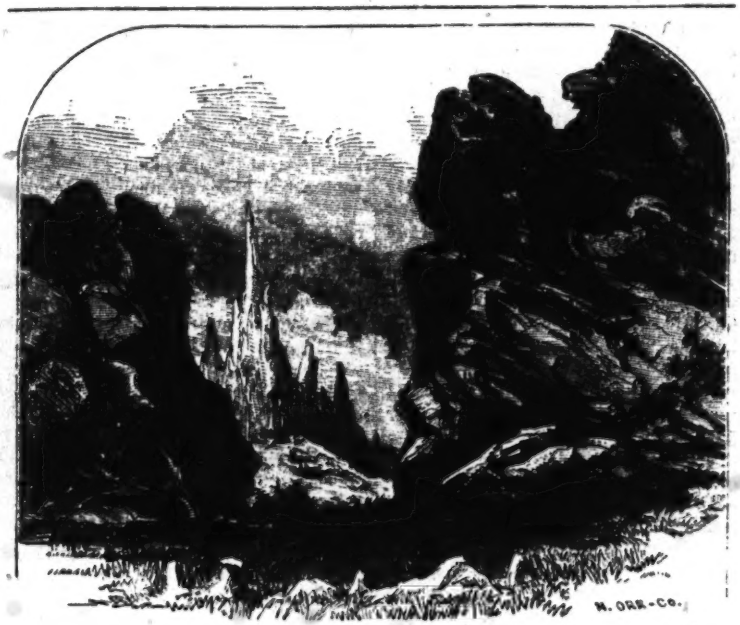
Like all new towns, Denver was a city of magnificent expectations. Two or three thousand acres having been laid out in streets, corner lots were offered for sale, in localities as lonely and desolate as any other part of the Great American Desert.

The mountains, at the nearest point, ten miles from Denver, afford a view unequaled upon our continent. It is most striking at evening. Then, beyond the city, the shining river and the green prairie, rise the grand peaks:

"All ablaze
In the last flash of sunset."

Seventy miles to the south, Pike's Peak, like some old castle, "majestic though in ruin," lies dim and soft against the sky. Forty miles to the north stands Long's Peak, distinct, rugged and corrugated—its feet wreathed in pine, and its head crested with snow. A dark, irregular, variegated wall sweeps grandly between them, at the verge of the sensible horizon, and beyond, on either side, merges into the dreamy, debatable ground, between earth and heaven.

It reveals every hue, from the dark, rich green of the nearest hills, to the unsullied white of the Snowy Range—every form, from the long, flat summit of Table Mountain to that perfect cone, waiting to impale the dying sun. Gaze on it daily for months, and you shall never look twice upon the same loveliness; but find it an endless variety—a perpetual intoxication of delight. Here, at the door of our rude cabin has Nature painted for us such a picture as never greeted the eye of monarch in his palace. Last night,



SCENE IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

that furthest mountain was arrayed in fiery, dazzling glory, too terrible to look upon. Now it is clothed in a pale, unearthly light, and you feel that it belongs to another world. View it again. Does it seem that you could ever reach it by mortal means, or even clothed in mortal body? No; you can only think of the Celestial City as it burst upon the vision of the pilgrim Christian, or the Sabbath evening pictures of heaven opening to earth, which you received in childhood, upon your mother's knee.

Some sixty miles south of Denver, on the road to Pike's Peak, is a remarkable region of natural monuments of stone, which assume various fantastic forms. Upright shafts of rock are standing, over a tract twenty miles in length. Some crowning the summits of hills, look like immense castles built with perfect symmetry by human hands. But most have the size and shape of grave-stones and monuments, and thickly stud the ground for hundreds of acres. Standing in the midst of pine groves, they give the precise effect of a well-shaded cemetery filled with memorials of the dead. Near Colorado City they culminate in an immense gateway of solid rock, known as the entrance to the Garden of the Gods.

"Colorado," signifying red, was probably applied to the river from which the Territory is named, on account of the reddish earth which the Spanish explorers found along its banks. Several early attempts were made to organize the new Territory, under the successive names of Jefferson, Idaho (Shining Mountains) and Tahosa (Dwellers among the Mountain-tops). But the people did not accept them, and until Congress had baptized the region as Colorado, it was universally known as "Pike's Peak"—one of those happy alliterations which stick like burs in the public usage. The mountain is well worthy to name a noble State. Though not the highest, it is probably the grandest of the whole Rocky Mountain range.

In August, 1860, I climbed it with a party of five. Our starting-point, at the

base, was higher above sea-level than the *summit* of Mount Washington. We were each provided with a stout cane, and a tin drinking-cup. The two ladies of the company wore the Bloomer costume and broad-brimmed hats, while the unhappy trio of men bent under their heavy packs of provisions and blankets. My own weighed twenty-seven pounds; and I thought it twenty-seven hundred before my journey was ended.

Our route was along the gorge or valley of a mountain-brook, whose precipitous rocks are utterly impassable for horse or mule. It abounds in gems of beauty—"pocket editions of poetry in velvet and gold." One of them would cause the heart of an artist to sing for joy. The stream, first appearing in view under a natural stone bridge above us, comes leaping down in a cascade of snow-white foam, torn into sparkling braids and fringes by the jutting rocks, and is then lost among the huge bowlders at our feet. An irregular mass of granite rises upon one side more than a hundred feet; and on either bank, the singing waters are shaded by the tall pines and the blue-tipped firs. Between and beyond their dark branches, a gray, cone-shaped hill, bare of tree and shrub, rises in the background, against a wonderfully blue and pellucid sky.

A violent shower soon recalled us to the practical. All the afternoon we sunk knee deep into the steep, gravelly hill, clutching desperately at friendly bushes, to keep from falling backward, and climbed sometimes upon hands and knees, over wet, slippery rocks. At four o'clock, cold, footsore and weary, we encamped; and supper was prepared and eaten before a glorious fire of tree-trunks. Then, for two or three hours, the deep woods resounded with laughter and song. But long before midnight we all slept, lulled by the whispering pine and the murmuring brook, and watched over by the mute and loving stars.

The second day's journey was through an almost boundless waste of rocks piled on rocks. A cold, violent rain set in, and at noon, drenched and shivering, we encamped under a shelving rock, and with difficulty kindled a fire. The storm continued without cessation for twenty hours; and our rocky roof, unfortunately sloping the wrong way, showered the water down upon us in melancholy profusion. In the evening, with many dismal jests about our dreary situation, we huddled under the rock, and one by one dropped asleep. My own latest recollection of that Procrustean bed extends to eleven o'clock, when I was wooing the drowsy god, with my feet in a mud puddle, a sharp rock piercing my ribs, and a stream of water pouring down my back. At midnight, my friends all arose—for the air had grown very chill—and sought our great log fire. Wrapping myself again in a wet blanket, and creeping as far as possible under the rock, I soon slept soundly. At daylight, when I awoke, they were still out in the driving rain, sitting before the fire in gloomy contemplation, like Marius amid the ruins.

The third day the storm ceased. After five hours' climbing among slippery rocks, we dined luxuriously in a raspberry patch, as our provisions were almost exhausted. Night brought another storm of rain and hail; and when we camped, the wild eyes and flushed faces of the ladies excited serious apprehensions of fever and delirium.

On the fourth morning the ice was lying thick about our camp. At five o'clock we continued the march, and in ten minutes, abruptly left the dense forest behind, and stood upon the bare mountain-side with no green thing about us except beds of velvet grass among the rocks. The summit seemed very near; but we toiled on and on for hours, up the sharp ascent. The thin air made it impossible to go more than a hundred feet without pausing for breath; but in the grand scenery we forgot our fatigue and remembered our weariness no more. The sky assumed a deeper and richer blue; and the fields of snow and ice began perceptibly to enlarge. Even here, the flowers bloomed, and hundreds of tulip-shaped blossoms, of faint yellow mingled with purple, opened their meek eyes beside the freshly-fallen snow! It was

worth all our toil to see the cheek of June, with its purple flush, nestle among the silver locks of December.

It became difficult to avoid falling asleep during our brief pauses, but we pressed steadily on. At last, just before noon, passing two banks of snow which have lain unmelted for years, perhaps for centuries, we stood on the highest point of Pike's Peak, thirteen thousand four hundred feet above sea-level. The ladies of our party—one a native of Boston, the other of Derry, N. H.—were the first of their sex who ever set foot upon the summit.

The view was indescribably grand and impressive. Eastward, for a hundred miles, our eyes wandered over the dim, dreamy prairies, spotted by the dark shadows of the clouds, and the deeper green of the pineries, intersected by the faint, gray lines of the roads, and emerald threads of timber along the streams, and banded, on the far horizon, with a girdle of gold. To the north, we could trace the Platte for seventy miles, while far to the south, swept the green timbers of the Arkansas, and then rose the Spanish Peaks of New Mexico, a hundred miles away. Eight or ten miles distant, two little gem-like lakes nestled among the rugged mountains, revealing even the *shadows* of the rocks and pines in their transparent waters. Far beyond, a group of tiny lakelets glittered and sparkled like a cluster of stars.

To the west, the South Park, and other ampitheaters of rich floral beauty—gardens amid the utter desolation of the mountains—were spread thousands of feet below us; and beyond, peak after peak, until the pure, white wall of the Snowy Range rose to the infinite blue of the sky. The north, south and west was one vast wilderness of mountains, of diverse forms and mingling colors, with clouds of fleecy white sailing airily among their scarred and wrinkled summits. We looked upon four Territories of the Union—Kansas, Nebraska, Utah and New Mexico; and viewed regions watered by four of the great rivers of the continent—the Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande and Colorado—tributaries, respectively, of the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of California.

Upon the north side, a colossal plowshare seems to have been driven fiercely down from the summit to the base, its gaping furrow visible seventy miles away, and deep enough in itself to bury a mountain of considerable pretension. Such enormous chasms must the armies of the Almighty have left in Heaven, when, as told in the royal verse of Milton, to overwhelm Lucifer and his companions,

> "From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
> They plucked the seated hills with all their load,
> Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
> Uplifting, bore them in their hands."

After spending two hours upon the summit, we reluctantly commenced the descent, for living without eating was rapidly becoming an interesting experiment. The stars were out when we camped, kindled a fire, and went to bed, or rather to blanket.

The fifth morning, sore and weary in every joint, we devoured our last provisions—a morsel of meat and a tablespoonful of crumbs apiece; but ample cups of tea, the best stimulant in the world, measurably revived us. After journeying five or six hours, we began to experience, not the gnawings of hunger, but that irresistible faintness which the Irishman so exactly described as "a sense of goneness." Endeavors to think of other matters were fruitless; in vain we sought to

> "Cloy the hungry edge of appetite
> By bare imagination of a feast."

Late in the afternoon we reached Colorado City. My companions, with haggard cheeks, lack-luster eyes and worn faces, seemed but dim shadows—faint suggestions of their former selves. The ladies had each lost eight pounds, to an ounce, in less than five days! No lasting inconvenience was experienced from the trip, except the most ravenous and uncompromising hunger, which continued, at intervals, for the next two weeks.

In the summer of 1865, with "the

Colfax party," I had the pleasure of glancing once more at Colorado. On the way thither I encountered, many times, an old acquaintance, who still pervades the plains, but does not venture as frequently as of yore into the towns and diggings. The reader will readily recognize him from mention in Mr. Pope's verse. Behold his portrait.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN.

James the First, whom the Duke of Sully wittily characterized as the wisest fool in Europe, used to say that old friends are agreeable and comfortable, like old shoes; but we found our old friend, the poor Indian, neither polite nor affectionate. Within a few days the savages had attacked several coaches, in one case killing and scalping all the passengers. A few months before, they had burned every house and barn along the road for three hundred miles, stolen the cattle and murdered about eighty persons. The ranches of this devastated region were now quite deserted by women and children; a few soldiers were on duty at each mail-station, and four cavalrymen escorted our vehicle.

The Indians ordinarily assault private trains rather than coaches, as their chief purpose is to obtain cattle, horses and mules. Sometimes, exasperated by thefts and murders (most Indian wars are originally traceable to outrages by reckless white men), they thirst for blood, and simultaneously attack ranches and settlements hundreds of miles apart. They seldom appear in the night, but usually pounce down upon dwellings or travelers, just before dusk or soon after dawn, with loud yells running off the stock, and perhaps applying the torch and scalping-knife. Their own agility and their fleet horses baffle soldiery; and expeditions sent in pursuit are usually fruitless. In Idaho, last November, a party dashed into a United States fort, and took away the Government horses in the very faces of the soldiers. Ambuscades and sudden attacks are their only modes of warfare; a hundred would not meet ten well-armed Americans in an open, fair, daylight encounter. The only exceptions I remember are the Idaho Snakes or Shoshonees, who sometimes manifest great bravery.

The cost of fighting them, and even of maintaining our military posts on the plains during peace times, is enormous. Last year, between April and October, the United States quartermaster, at Leavenworth, sent westward thirty-three million pounds of freight, employing fourteen thousand mules and three thousand horses. This season he will use more than two thousand wagons. The expenditures of the Government for Indian wars during the last twenty years would have built and stocked a first-class double-track railway to the Pacific.

We obtained glimpses of only one or two buffaloes; for these old denizens shrink from the great thoroughfares which have lately invaded their magnificent domain. Benton's theory, that they are geographers and roadmakers by instinct, seems well founded, for the best routes across the continent are along their old trails. Once they roamed the entire Pacific slope, and ranged from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Champlain. That stern policeman, Civilization, constantly circumscribes their limits, bidding them "Move on," and hundreds of thousands are killed annually, often from

sheer wantonness and curiosity. Every emigrant desires to boast of shooting a buffalo, and their whitened skulls, perforated by bullets, make every road a Golgotha.

Even now, they abound on great tracts of the desert, away from the thoroughfares, and are estimated to outnumber all the domestic cattle in the United States. Six years ago I traveled for two hundred miles among hills black with them in every direction, as far as the eye could reach. At a distance, they dot the sward like whortleberries in a New-England pasture. Our coach, one of the first on the plains, was often compelled to wait while great herds crossed the road directly before us, for in running they make the ground tremble, and terrify the most rheumatic horses and mules into dashing off with them, quite beyond the control of bit or spur. The antelope and the buffalo are antipodes; one is incarnate grace; the other clumsiness itself. The antelope gallops airily over the hills with an elasticity surpassing the fleetest race-horse; but the buffalo, with huge head and enormous shaggy neck, canters lumberingly along, as if he belonged to some other sphere. His tough forehead, flattening a bullet as a stone wall would do, and his strong neck, form a natural battering-ram, almost justifying the belief that if a buffalo had taken the place of the traditional bull which attempted to butt a locomotive off the track, he would have met a happier fate than his brave but indiscreet taurine half-brother. A blow from the head of a calf two months old will prostrate the strongest man; and an enraged bull, with perfect horns, is devoutly to be avoided. A gentleman of my acquaintance, riding in a desert valley, encountered several thousand stampeding buffaloes; and his mule, with characteristic perversity, refused to budge an inch, but stood broadside to the approaching herd. Under the horns of the first buffalo he dropped dead upon the spot, almost without a single kick. His rider, stunned by the shock, fortunately fell close beside the mule, and so escaped being trampled to death. In a few seconds, recovering his consciousness, he saw that several of the ponderous brutes had already leaped over him; and drawing his revolver he fired six shots in rapid succession. The reports and smoke broke the herd into two columns, and in a few minutes, with saddle and bridle upon his shoulder, my friend was walking briskly toward the road, vowing that he would never, never, never ride a mule again.

The antelope still abounds, the best living illustration of the poetry of motion. Miles away, when his earth-colored body is quite indistinguishable, one sees his white tail fluttering in the breeze like a shred of linen—a perpetual flag of truce to human enemies. Rifles and shot-guns have made him shy and difficult to approach. Old hunters are wont to stick a ramrod in the earth with a handkerchief flying from it, and then conceal themselves among the grass or sand-hills. The antelope, drawn by a curiosity fatal as mother Eve's, circles nearer and nearer, until he falls by the cruel bullet. From a close view, his liquid eyes suggest infinite pathos and more than human tenderness. He is easily domesticated, and naturally tame. Once, on a lonely mountain trail, a few miles from the base of Pike's Peak, a long herd, in single file, walked across the path before me, within a stone's throw. Some were beautifully spotted with white, and all exquisitely graceful. Sitting upon my horse and stopping for them to pass, I counted one hundred and twenty-seven. Antelope meat, tender and toothsome, though less savory than the flesh of the black-tailed deer—the richest game upon our continent—is still in great demand through the Far West. In the early times of Colorado, it was found daily upon every table.

But enough of these reminiscences, into which my leisurely pen, no longer driven by the clamorous demand of the daily press, wanders so easily. In these papers, prepared after my journey is ended, I essay to group more facts and maturer observations than a hurried daily record allows.

Last summer we found Denver a city of

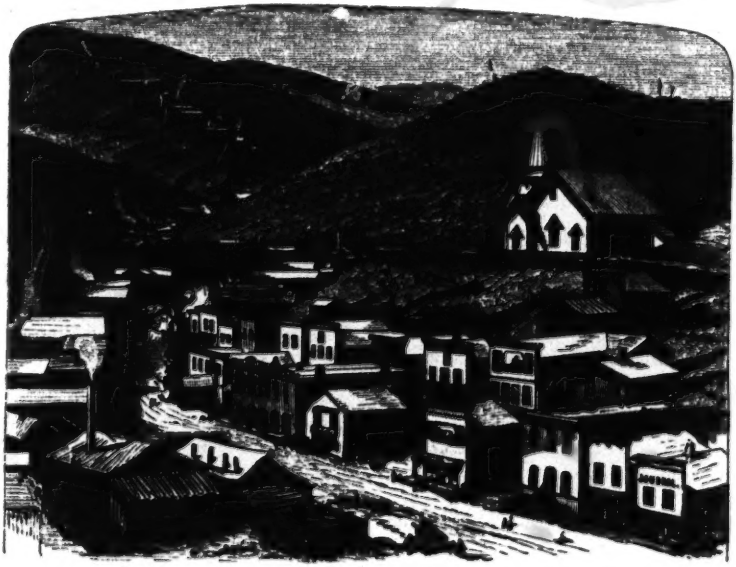
four thousand people, with banks, schools, daily newspapers, daily mails, the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph, public and private buildings which would do credit to any eastern city—in short, with all the appliances of an old civilization, among the quickened intelligence, the enlarged ideas and warm hearts of the frontier. And all this in six years!

Themistocles, at a feast, invited to play upon some musical instrument, replied: "I can not fiddle; but I know how to make a small town a great city." If this be genius, America must be its native heath, when not only small towns, but lonely deserts like this spring into great cities with the growth of Jonah's gourd. How it would have surprised the old explorers could their prophetic souls have looked forward to this! The youth of a community, like that of a human being, has its sharp trials; and Denver has not been exempt. For three months at a time, hostile Indians have cut off all communication with the east; and once, at midnight, without warning, a freshet converted the dry bed of Cherry Creek into a deluge, sweeping away many buildings, and drowning several persons. In a little more than two years, the Pacific Railroad will tap Denver, and we found it full of promise as a great city of the future.

But the most noticeable change was in the mountains. In the vicinity of the original Gregory Diggings, now known as Black Hawk and Central City, is a population of ten thousand, with most substantial improvements, heavy machinery, large trading-houses, theaters, newspapers, churches, and stage and telegraphic communication with the outside world.

Quartz mills, containing in the aggregate two thousand stamps, have been erected in the Territory. Hitherto, difficulties have been experienced in separating the gold from the pyrites of iron with which it is found associated; but several processes for obviating this trouble are now nearly if not quite demonstrated successes.

Colorado, the child of yesterday, is destined to add a vast amount of the precious metals to the treasures of the world, and soon to become a rich, prosperous and loyal State in the American Union.



BLACKHAWK, COLORADO—THE ORIGINAL GREGORY DIGGINGS.

II.

UTAH.

AN OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

TEN years ago, adventurous overland travelers, crossing the American continent, were sometimes compelled to journey three or four hundred miles without seeing a human habitation, save Indian wigwams. Now, the great central thoroughfares are dotted with the cabins and ranches of enterprising pioneers; and, leaving the cars in Eastern Kansas, one passes a settler's dwelling in every eight miles, until he gains the slow-climbing Pacific locomotive, toiling up the western walls of the Sierra Nevadas.

Everywhere on the plains, the Indian and buffalo are disappearing, before the advance of civilization. A few of the old trappers and traders still remain, a connecting link between the Past and the Present.

The language of signs, in common use between these mountain-men and the various tribes of Indians, is a curiosity. A trapper meets half a dozen savages—all of different tribes—and though no two have ten spoken words in common, they converse for hours in dumb show, comprehending each other perfectly, and often relating incidents which cause uproarious laughter or excite the sterner passions. To a novice, these signs are no more intelligible than so many vagaries of St. Vitus' dance; but, like all mysteries, they are simple and significant—

after one comprehends them. The only one I recollect, requiring no explanation, is the symbol for Sioux Indians—drawing the finger across the throat, like a knife. It is an apt and epigrammatic delineation of the character of that bloody tribe. The sign for the Arapahoes describes their thin, sharp noses; that for the Comanches, the bird-like agility of their movements; that for women, their long, flowing tresses, and that for the white man, the hat upon his forehead. All Indian languages are so imperfect, that even when two members of the same tribe converse, half the intercourse is carried on by signs. Mountain-men often become so accustomed to this, that when talking in their mother tongue, upon the most abstract subjects, their arms and bodies *will* participate in the conversation. Like the Kanacas of the Sandwich Islands, they are unable to converse with their hands tied.

Many of these old trappers are walking cyclopedias of narrow escapes and exciting adventures—living books of travel full of incident and romance. Buffalo-hunts, hand-to-hand conflicts with grizzly bears, deadly fights with Indians, form the staple of their legendary lore. Sometimes a vein of quaint, unexpected humor runs through their stirring narratives. While waiting for breakfast at Fort Bridger, in the gray of a July morning, a party of us sat around the fire of the great sutler-store of Judge Carter—who combines the functions of merchant and magistrate—listening to the tales of Jack Robinson, a trapper of forty years experience. He supplemented his history of hair-breadth 'scapes with the remark:

"But the most singular thing I ever did was to make a hundred and fifty Blackfoot Indians run."

"How was that?" we asked.

"It was one year when the red devils were very hostile, and lifted the hair" (vernacular for scalp) "of every white man they could catch. Riding a swift horse, I suddenly came upon a party of them. I turned and ran, and *they all ran after me*, but they didn't catch old Jack."

Wonderfully invigorating is the pure air of the plains and mountains. I have seen a lady ill with typhoid fever, and barely able to sit up, travel across the plains, and reach the end of an unintermitting stage journey of seven days and nights, with the roses restored to her cheek and vigor to her frame. I once knew a resident of Eastern Kansas, pronounced dying with consumption, who started on the long jaunt. Too weak to sit erect, he was placed upon a feather-bed in an ox-wagon, sleeping in the open air every night; and when, after fifty days, he reached the Rocky Mountains, he was enjoying comfortable health.

In the summer of 1860, an officer of the army, with a detachment of soldiers, left several Kiowa Indians prisoners at Bent's Fort, a stockaded trading-house near the Arkansas River, and started eastward. Soon after, the prisoners escaped, and Colonel Bent sent a young man, named Mark Ralfe, forward to advise him of the fact. On the road, Ralfe was caught by the Indians, who stabbed him in three places, shot him in three more, scalped him and left him for dead. In removing the scalp, they took the skin from his entire crown, leaving only a little lock of hair above each ear. After their departure, Ralfe recovered his consciousness, and with no tonic but water from the river, walked thirty-five miles to a place of safety and succor!

One incident more, which is related on good authority. In early days, among the head-waters of the Missouri, a trapper, in a drunken brawl, had his leg shattered by a bullet. Amputation was needful; but there was no surgeon within hundreds of miles. He whetted one edge of his knife to its utmost sharpness; filed the other into a saw, and with his own hand cut the flesh, sawed the bones, and seared the veins with a hot iron. He is still limping on a wooden leg in California!

In crossing the continent, nothing impresses the traveler more than the immeasurable labor and expense caused by the absence of steam communication. He passes daily thousands of ox and mule wagons, each drawn by from eight to twelve animals, and slowly dragging

along from five to six thousand pounds weight. This is the only present mode of supplying our new States and Territories with groceries, dry goods and machinery. From the Missouri River to Utah, Montana or Idaho, a team can make only one round trip per year, as cattle can not travel on the plains in winter.

The monotony and tediousness of the ninety-days' journey is frequently relieved by the mirage of the desert. Lakes of clear, blue water, fringed with wooded shores, appear only two or three miles away; but as one approaches them, vanish into nothingness, like the baseless fabric of a vision. Beside the quiet courses of the Platte or Arkansas they are lovely miracles—but far from water they sometimes become a terrible mockery, to lost wanderers, perishing of thirst.

In 1860, a pony express was established across the continent. The posts were twenty-five miles apart, and the steeds small, fleet, hardy Indian horses. The rider kept his pony on the full run, and when he reached a new station—whatever the hour of the day or night—another messenger, ready mounted and in waiting, took his little mail-sack, struck spurs into his steed, and was off like the wind. By these modern Centaurs, dispatches were carried from the Missouri River to Sacramento, in eight to twelve days. But the completion of the transcontinental telegraph, did away with the express. It was abandoned when the first lightning flashed along the wires, from ocean to ocean.

Now the continent is crossed pleasantly and expeditiously, by the daily overland coaches. Stopping only for the exchange of horses at stations, twelve miles apart, and forty minutes for meals three times in every twenty-four hours, they accomplish from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five miles a day. In summer, the trip from New York to San Francisco is made in about three weeks. It is far less fatiguing than one expects. During the first night, the ride is wearisome; but after that, Nature asserts herself, and one sleeps as refreshingly and almost as soundly leaning against the corner of the coach, as in his bed at home. Habit, like conscience, makes cowards of us all. The Esquimaux and some other nations sleep, from choice, in sitting posture.

In the summer of 1864, Ben Holladay, proprietor of the overland stage line, rode by special coach from Folsom, California, to Atchison, Kansas (almost two thousand miles), in twelve days and two hours. It cost him twenty thousand dollars in wear and tear of stock and vehicles. That was a trip worth the taking—a history of the last generation—a prophecy of the great Pacific Railroad, the grandest material enterprise of all time. The very thought of it is inspiring! Whirling over the Sierra Nevadas, along the perilous edge of many a dizzy precipice—spinning through the all-enveloping dust of the Great Basin, with its endless alkaline wastes—rattling along frowning cañons of the Rocky Mountains—shooting across the sands of the measureless desert, and then rolling merrily over the gentle swells of the flower-spangled prairie! Night and day, through storm and sunshine, shivering in bitter frost, panting in tropical heat, shrinking under pelting hail, cowering in the lightning's fiery track, across the continent, from the serene ocean to the turbid river!

Last summer, proceeding westward from Colorado, we met the California papers daily in the coaches coming east, and were permitted to read the dispatches for the Associated Press, at telegraph stations—wherefore we were not out of the world after all. The breakfast of ham, biscuits and coffee, on the great desert, is the more palatable, when the New York dispatches of the same morning are spread upon the board—literally the board—in the hurried handwriting of the operator, who caught and transfixed them flying on the lightning's wing to San Francisco. One night, when we rolled up to a lonely station, miles from any other human habitation, the stock-tender, ragged, shaggy, sunbrowned and unkempt, put his lantern up to our coach window and asked: "Gentlemen, can you spare me a newspaper? I have not

seen one for a week and can't endure it much longer. I will give you a dollar for any newspaper in the United States not more than ten days old." He was a representative American. No other nation so subsists upon the daily journals as ours.

The mail-coach, or hack, built in Concord, New Hampshire, is known as the Concord wagon. It is covered with duck or canvas, the driver sitting in front, at a slight elevation above the passengers. Bearing no weight upon the roof, it is less top-heavy than the old-fashioned stage-coach for mud-holes and mountain-sides, where to preserve the center of gravity becomes, like Falstaff's instinct, "a great matter." Like human travelers on life's highway, it goes best under a heavy load. Empty, it jolts and pitches like a ship in a raging sea; filled with passengers and balanced by a proper distribution of baggage in the "boot" behind and under the driver's feet, its motion is easy and elastic. Excelling every other in durability and strength, this hack is used all over our continent and throughout South America.

There were few emigrants or freighters upon the road west of Colorado, which had been closed for several weeks by Indian hostilities. But occasionally we encountered large parties, traveling together for protection—all well armed, and keeping vigilant watch against surprises. Always before nightfall the wagons are *corraled*—drawn close together, with the tongue of each under the bed of the next—in two elliptical lines which no assault can break with ease. Within this extemporized fortification, or stockade of wagons, all the animals are driven, the last gap is closed up, and the emigrant sleeps secure from the Noble Savage, who never moves upon the enemy's works.

Through the courtesy of General P. E. Conner we were furnished with an escort of four or six cavalrymen from station to station. Conner is a good example of the possibilities of American life. Sixteen years ago he left Fort Leavenworth, a private soldier in the army of the United States. Last year he returned to the fort wearing the star of a Brigadier-General, and commanding the entire country from the Missouri to Salt Lake.

A hundred miles west of Denver, the trouble was so serious that we stopped for a day at Virginia Dale station, in a lovely little valley shut in by towering mountains. One of these, with precipitous wall, is known as the Lover's Leap. The legend runs that an emigrant, whose mistress had abandoned him to marry another, threw himself from it, and was dashed to pieces in full

AN INDIAN DASH UPON A PARTY OF EMIGRANTS.

view of the woman for whom he had flung away his life. The founder of the station, a secessionist at heart, not daring to call it Virginia Davis, in honor of "Lady Davis," found solace in the name, Virginia Dale.

On a June day, cold as November, at the crossing of the North Platte River, we stood gazing at a party of recusant Mormons, returning to the States, when running horses, reports of guns and loud yells announced an Indian attack. The wagons of the emigrants, with the women and children, were at the water's edge. Beyond them, in a little valley, were grazing their weary horses and mules, well guarded by the men. The Indians came over a hill, in a sharp dash upon the animals, hoping to stampede and drive them off. The soldiers of our escort rushed to the ferry-boat, to participate in the fray; but, for my own part, I reconciled myself to the decrees of Providence, contented and thankful to smell the battle afar off—indeed, with a secret wish that I were too far off to smell it at all. The river was a safe barrier between the savages and ourselves, for the waters were high, and a coach, horses, mail and all, which had gone to the bottom a week before, was still buried in its depths.

The sturdy emigrants uprose from their concealment among the horses, and fired a volley among the assailants with such coolness and precision that the astonished Indians fled over the hills, yelling like Pandemonium let loose, and were out of sight again in a twinkling.

While our mules were changed, that evening, at a station fifteen miles distant, we chatted for ten minutes with the guards and hostlers. Twelve hours afterward the Indians swept down, killing every occupant except two soldiers, who, though wounded, made their escape.

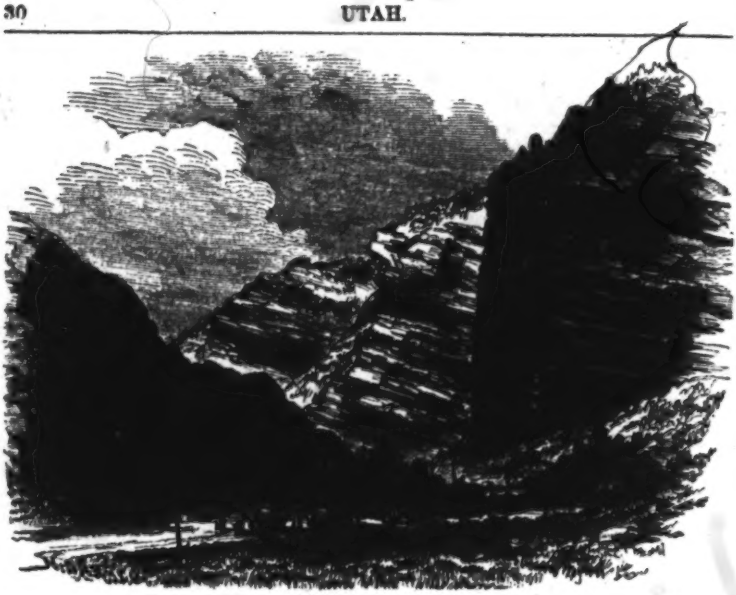
Our road wound through endless deserts, and among the Black Hills, Wind River, Utah and Wasatch ranges, spurs of the Rocky Mountains. We saw hundreds of springing antelopes, and surly gray wolves without number. One night a huge grizzly bear stood right in our road, and refused to budge an inch for the coach. An old trapper had lately shown me the scars on his thigh, where, years before, a grizzly seized and shook him as a dog shakes a rabbit, and told me of another bear, near Salt Lake, who killed five hunters before he was dispatched. With these fresh memories, we did not attempt either to wheedle or frighten Bruin, but e'en turned out of the road, and left him peacefully studying astronomy.

The road leads through Bridger's Pass, nine thousand feet above sea-level. There is a tradition of a California emigrant, a hundred miles back, who sold his wagon to a ranche-keeper, on the assurance that it was just three inches too wide to go through Bridger's Pass!

Here the waters of the Atlantic are divided from those of the Pacific; but there is no gorge nor cañon—only a vast desert expanse, so nearly level that one can not tell when he crosses the summit. Two nights later, we passed the Church Butte, a strange, irregular pile of bare gray earth, crowned with masses of red sand-stone, and worn by wind and water into startling, fantastic forms. It is hundreds of feet in hight, and by moonlight gave the precise effect of some vast, ruined cathedral, with crumbling walls, broken arches, quaint turrets, and niches containing sculptured figures.

Passing Fort Bridger, one of our most beautiful frontier posts, and leaving a desert dreary as Sahara, mountains that rival Switzerland, and skies softer than Italy's broke on our vision. In the warm air, where flowers abounded and musketoes buzzed about us, there were great banks of snow, sometimes fifteen feet deep, within a few yards of the road. On the 10th of June we stopped, and in a little aspen thicket, had a rough-and-tumble snow-balling frolic, within a stone's throw of green grass, roses, sunflowers, violets, daisies and forget-me-nots.

That evening we passed through Echo Cañon, twenty miles in length. It is a wonderful gorge in the mountains, where the snows often slide down and overwhelm travelers. A party of five thus



ECHO CANON.

perished in January, 1865. As we crossed repeatedly the flashing stream which threads it, rattling over crazy log bridges, the scene grew wilder and wilder. On the left, steep, grassy, snow-crowned slopes; on the right, an abrupt wall of red conglomerate rock, with lateral cañons breaking it, with the somber mouths of dark caves opening into it, with swallows' nests plastered to its juts, and those dewy masons of the caves twittering about them.

Here the Mormons fortified on the approach of Johnston's army, in 1857. Their rifle-pits, in the valley, and their little stone houses, with loop-holes, on the very top of the dizzy bluff, are still visible.

Higher and higher towers the rock wall on our right, until at last, smooth as if dressed with the hammer, true as if lined by the plummet, it approaches an altitude of two thousand feet. To see Echo Cañon is worth a journey across the Atlantic.

The next morning we breakfasted with a Mormon bishop, from Essex county, Massachusetts, who boasts three wives, *all of them sisters.*

Up one terrible hill, down on its opposite side, through a cañon—and then at our feet was a great basin, walled in by snow-streaked mountains, dotted with blue lakes, and intersected by a silver stream lying across it like a ribbon. In the midst of this green valley—a picture of oriental beauty—we saw the neat houses, the quaint public buildings, the deep shade-trees, the broad streets and flashing rivulets of the City of Great Salt Lake. Though several miles distant, we detected small objects in the city with perfect clearness. The wonderful atmosphere of the plains and mountains greatly enlarges the range of vision. From a hill on the west, twenty-two miles away, I have twice distinctly seen the dwellings and trees of Salt Lake City. Trustworthy persons assure me that, on very clear days, the buildings of Fort Boise, Idaho, are seen with the naked eye, from the summit of War Eagle Mountains, fifty-five miles distant, as the bird flies!

Salt Lake is the natural metropolis of a great scope of country, embracing all Utah and portions of Nevada, Idaho,

Montana and Colorado. Already it contains eighteen thousand people, and bids fair to continue, as at present, the largest city between St. Louis and San Francisco. The overland telegraph connects it with the Atlantic and the Pacific; mail-coaches ply daily to the Missouri River on the east, and California on the west, to Montana on the north, to Idaho and the Columbia River on the north-west. The hotel is usually crowded with guests, and the streets, all watered by little rills on each side, are thronged with the wagons of emigrants and farmers, with women and children, saints and sinners, miners and Indians. Some of the trading-houses do an immense business. Last year, a single merchant paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for hauling his goods from Missouri River.

There are two daily newspapers, "The Vedette," representing the Gentile population, and "The Telegraph," in the interest of the Mormons. "The Weekly Deseret News"—almost as old as the city—is the organ of the Mormon Church. In a Territorial population of sixty-five thousand, all are Mormons, except three or four hundred, who reside chiefly in Salt Lake City. These dissenters are known as "Gentiles," while the Mormons style themselves, *par excellence*, the Saints, and classify all outsiders as Sinners.

Camp Douglas is beautifully located, on a high plateau, two miles from the city, which its artillery commands. Its establishment as a garrisoned post of the United States army has been a potent restraint upon the despotic power of the Mormon Church, as it affords protection to all men and women who abandon that faith. Many recanting Saints, chiefly wives dissatisfied with polygamy, have here sought the shelter of the national flag, and been sent from the Territory, under military escort.

There is now a flourishing Gentile Church and Sunday-school in the city, liberally supported by Gentiles of every denomination, who, like all minorities, are very compact, and remain united by the common bond of antipathy to Mormon rule. Even Jews, who are quite numerous, contribute to this church, and in excited moments talk earnestly about "us Shentiles;" for it is a strange feature of this strange community that all the Saints are Sinners and all the Jews are Gentiles!

Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon Church, was a native of Vermont, who claimed that the Book of Mormon, the Bible of the Latter-day Saints, buried in the earth, was pointed out to him by the Angel Moroni; that, upon digging it up, he found it written upon metallic plates in mysterious characters, which a special revelation from God enabled him to translate. Claiming to be the production of several writers, it is about as large as the Old Testament, of which it is a weak, incoherent and vapid imitation. Several hundred of its verses are stolen, with very slight alteration, from the New Testament, which, according to Mormon chronology, was written hundreds of years later than their own inspired volume. Singularly enough, it contains many denunciations of polygamy; but, consistency is a jewel rarely found in the casket of the Latter-day Saints. Smith possessed great force of character and business sagacity, and was said to have accumulated a fortune of some millions of dollars.

Brigham Young, who succeeded Joseph Smith in the First Presidency of the church, was also born in Vermont. He is six feet high, portly, weighing about two hundred, in his sixty-fifth year, and wonderfully well preserved. His face resembles that of the late Thomas H. Benton, though with a suggestion of grossness about the puffed cheeks and huge neck which Old Bullion never gave. His face is fresh and unwrinkled, his step agile and elastic, his curling auburn hair and whiskers untinged with gray. Is he, indeed, a new Ponce de Leon, who has found in polygamy the fountain of perpetual youth?

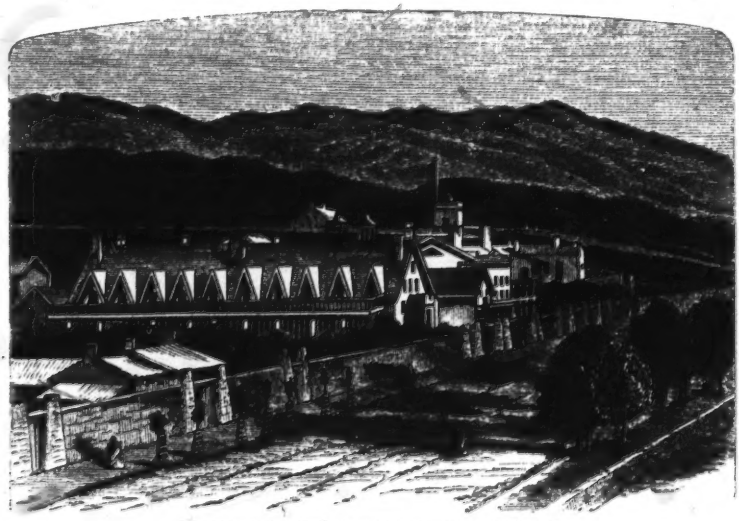
He has grayish-blue, secretive eyes, eagle nose, and mouth that shuts like a vice, indicating tremendous firmness. His manner is cold and egotistical. He uses neither tea nor coffee, spirits nor tobacco, speaks ungrammatically, is very

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

rich, owning the most desirable property in Utah, and universally popular among the Saints, whom he rules with utmost ease. He has great knowledge of human nature and rare business capacity, is kind-hearted, and said to be just in his commercial dealings. All Mormons are required to pay one-tenth of their incomes annually to the church; and, so far as a Gentile can see, Brigham is the church and the church is Brigham.

His inclosure of several acres is in the very heart of the city, surrounded by a high stone wall. It contains his two chief residences, the Lion House and the Bee Hive House, where most of his wives reside; though a few of the more favored ones occupy separate dwellings outside. It also contains his schoolhouse, where I saw about thirty of his offspring engaged in their studies. They are peculiarly bright and promising children; though in the ward schools of the city, which I also visited, the average intelligence is low. Their tuition costs from four to ten dollars a quarter. *There are no free schools in Utah.*

Though Brigham has buried eight sons and two daughters, he has fifty surviving children and several grandchildren. His wives number about thirty; he increases the list by one or two additions yearly. The first and eldest is matronly and well-looking; all the later ones I saw are exceedingly plain and unattractive, though some of their daughters are pretty, winning and graceful.



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCES AND GROUNDS.

Among the present generation of Mormons, the men are far more intelligent and cultivated than the women.

The Gentiles relate many stories at the expense of the leading patriarch of the church. He is the grand Supreme Court of all his people; to him they carry their troubles for relief, and their difficulties for adjustment. There is a legend that one day a woman went to Brigham for counsel touching some alleged oppression by an officer of the church. Brigham, like a true politician, assumed to know her; but when it became necessary to record her case, hesitated and said:

"Let me see, sister—I forget your name."

"My name!" was the indignant reply; "why, I am your wife!"

"When did I marry you?"

The woman informed the "President," who referred to an account-book in his desk, and then said:

"Well, I believe you are right. I *knew* your face was familiar!"

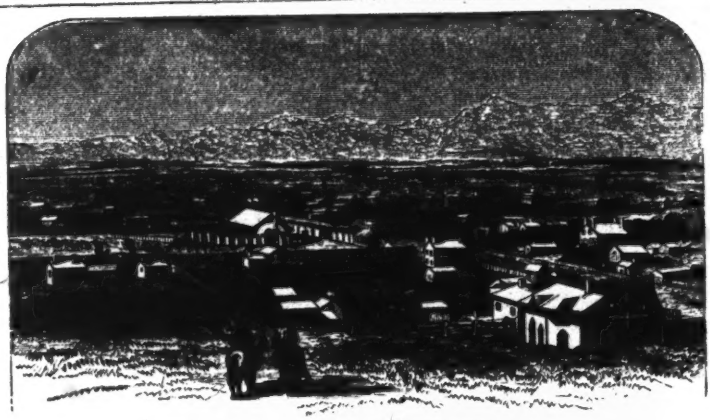
Brigham's ample and well-shaded grounds contain an abundance of fruits and flowers, and many indications of that industry universal among the Mormons.

Twenty miles from the city is the Great Salt Lake, forty miles by one hundred and twenty, containing seven islands, all of rugged mountains, and its surface forty-two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Though four fresh-water rivers flow in, it has no visible outlet, and is bitterly salt. At low water, three gallons of its fluid produce one of clear, fine salt. No fishes are found in the lake. If one be careful to keep the water out of his eyes, nose and mouth, it is delightful to swim in, though so buoyant as to make it difficult to walk in the shallows. It is claimed that one can not sink; but its pregnant waters must render strangulation very easy. Lake Utah, thirty miles distant, is a clear, shining, mountain-environed body of fresh water, twenty miles by thirty. The river Jordan has its origin here, and flows across the beautiful valley like a stream of silver, into Salt Lake.

Tepid springs abound in the Territory. A mile west of the city a stream, redolent of sulphur and large as one's thigh, gushes from a hill-side. The water is so hot (one hundred and two degrees) that one shrinks from its first touch, but soon finds it delightful. After ten minutes of plunging and swimming, he comes out cleansed from head to foot; every muscle relaxed, every nerve pervaded by delicious languor. It is claimed that the stream possesses rare curative virtues for rheumatism. Two miles further is the Hot Spring, spouting in a column larger than the body of a man, and hot enough to boil an egg. Among the ancients, its sulphurous smell and great clouds of mist and steam, would have declared it a mouth of Tartarus. Beside it is a lovely little lake, fringed by green poplars, with a background of purple mountains, bearing soft, white coronets of cloud.

From these springs we rode back to the city in a glorious atmosphere, under skies of wonderful blue. Behind us were the Great Salt Lake, and the greater mountains. On our right was the shining Jordan, to the Mormons better than Abana and Pharphar, or all the other waters of Damascus. Beyond it was a strip of valley, then smooth mountain slopes, blending and intermingling, sea-green at the base, and dark slate toward the summits. Before us was the city, with its flashing streams, its low, drab, adobe houses, with trellised verandas; its green gardens, and deep shade-trees of locust, aspen, poplar, maple, walnut, elder and cottonwood; its bustling marts of trade, and cloistered retreats for the offices of a strange religion.

Beyond it, for many miles, stretched the green, flowery valley, with its blue lakes shimmering in the sun, and bounded at last by an abrupt wall of mountain. And on our left still towered the range, rough, gashed and jagged with crevices that would conceal New York and its environs—its solid base green and gray—its rugged summits white with eternal snow. Side by side, grouped and blended, were Summer and Winter, Italy and Switzerland; the dreamy Orient and the restless heart of the West.



A PORTION OF SALT LAKE CITY.

The Mormons have begun the erection of an enormous temple of granite, which will be one of the finest church edifices in the United States. The reader will observe its standing columns, in the large vacant church lot, near the foreground of the view. As yet it has not made much progress, and the Saints worship in a frame building during the winter months, and in summer at the Bowery—a great arbor with seats of rough pine boards, and a low, flat roof of withered branches, supported by upright poles. For the warm season, it is far pleasanter than any building—a good artificial substitute for the groves which were God's first temples.

I frequently attended worship at the Bowery. The congregation usually numbered fully three thousand, in which women largely predominated. They were neatly but very plainly dressed; kid gloves were few, silks and satins far between. Hoops abounded in all their amplitude. At first, the preachers denounced them bitterly from the pulpit; but, as usual, female persistency triumphed, and crinoline proved more potent than the thunderbolts of the church.

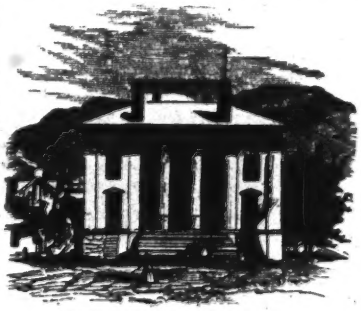
Brigham is the favorite speaker, though

MORMON SUNDAY SERVICE AT GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

he does not preach more than once a month. His sermons which I heard were very incoherent and illiterate. Heber C. Kimball, second only to Brigham in authority, and the father of fifty children, is very voluble in the pulpit, and always profane and frequently obscene in his harangues. Indeed, many of the Mormon sermons from Brigham, Heber and others of that ilk, are utterly indecent, though some speakers are entirely decorous. From the Sunday desk preachers frequently speak of the crops, the best modes of irrigation, etc., exhort the brethren to be honest and devout, and advise them whether to sell their wheat forthwith or hold it for an advance.

The ordinary sermons are homilies on industry and frugality—praises of polygamy, recital of God's peculiar protection to the Mormon Church, and bitter denunciation of the Government and people of the United States. Every Sunday sacrament is administered to the entire assembly, bread being distributed upon metallic plates, and water, instead of wine, from porcelain pitchers. Infants at the breast are all permitted to quaff the water freely. The poor babies are thirsty enough, but it detracts a little from the solemnity of the ceremony. My chief interest was in the faces of the congregation. Few of the women were comely; but very few of the countenances impressed me as vicious. All were plain, many extremely so. As one might expect in humble people, gathered from every nation, they bear the indelible impress of poverty, hard labor and stinted living. In those faces is little breadth, thought, or self-reliant reasoning, but much narrowness, grave sincerity and unreflecting earnestness. With the exception of the inevitable labored defense of polygamy, many of the sermons were such as one hears in an average New England orthodox church. Indeed, plurality of wives is the only distinctive and individual feature of their faith and practice. Mormonism is polygamy and polygamy is Mormonism.

The Saints' theater is the grand material wonder of Salt Lake City. It was built by Brigham, and will cost, when completed, a quarter of a million dollars. Its walls are of brick and rough stone, to be covered with stucco. It will seat eighteen hundred persons, and is the largest building of the kind west of New York, except the Cincinnati and Chicago opera houses. The proscenium is sixty feet deep. In the middle of the parquette is an armed rocking-chair, which Brigham sometimes occupies, though his usual place is one of the two private boxes. It is open three nights in the week, when the parquette is filled almost entirely by the families of the leading polygamists. One often sees a dozen of Brigham's wives side by side, and long seats quite filled with his children. The scenery, all painted in Salt Lake, and the costumes, all made there,



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S THEATER.

are exquisite. The wardrobe is very large and rich, varied enough for the standard and minor drama, from the sables of Hamlet to the drapery of the *ballet* girl. With two exceptions, the company are all amateurs—Mormons, who perform gratuitously, and with whom it is a labor of love and piety. It is a novel way of increasing one's chances of heaven; but Brigham is the church, and they do unquestioningly whatever the church requires. On the whole the theater is the rarest feature of the rare city, in view of its location, twelve hundred miles from the steamboat and the railroad. During the day the performers are engaged in their regular pursuits, as clerks, mechanics, etc.; and they rehearse only in the evening. Last season

TWIN PEAKS—UTAH.

the receipts averaged eight hundred dollars per night, and once, thirteen hundred dollars were taken at the box-office. Mrs. Julia Deane Hayne, who was playing a most successful star engagement, had trained the amateurs until they played exceedingly well, producing entertainments in all respects better than one finds anywhere else in the Union, save at three or four leading metropolitan theaters. It was a novel place for the best actress in the United States. At first she found the audiences curiously excitable, and inexperienced, composed very generally of persons who had never seen a theater before. When she played the last act of Camille, one old lady left her seat, passed through the private entrance and rushed upon the stage with a glass of water for the dying girl. Another declared, in a voice audible throughout the house: "It is a shame for President Young to let that poor lady play when she has such a terrible cough!" Brigham shows unequaled sagacity in strengthening the church and putting money in his purse, by the same operation. He says: "The people must have amusement; human nature demands it. If healthy and harmless diversions are not attainable, they will seek those which are vicious and degrading." Therefore he built this Thespian temple, which spiritually refreshes all the Saints of Utah, and increases his personal income fifty thousand dollars annually.

The entire valley is walled in by green mountains, from four to ten thousand feet in hight, and of every hue, from the deep, blackish green of the pines on the foot-hills to the dazzling white of the snow upon the summits. Many

of these mountains, intersected by narrow cañons, are torn and furrowed to their very hearts, and sometimes cleft asunder from head to foot. Utah, the name of an Indian tribe, signifies "those who dwell in the mountains," and the Mormons, almost a mile above the level of the sea, in view of some of the finest scenery in the world, are, indeed, dwellers among the mountain-tops.

The great basin, extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Sierra Nevadas, seems to have been a vast inland sea. The immediate valley in which Salt Lake City lies is much its best portion. Little or nothing is produced without irrigation; but, by the application of water, the soil is very productive. Sixty bushels of corn to the acre is a common yield, and the small grains do much better. Settlements of the Saints extend hundreds of miles in all directions. Almost every valley in Utah is dotted with little dwellings of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, great stacks of hay and barley and thriving young orchards.

Probably eight-ninths of all the Mormons are of foreign birth. Many are English, while Norway and Sweden are largely represented. In spite of their heavy, enforced contributions to the church, the condition of most has been greatly improved; for the leaders are men of rare sagacity, who steadfastly inculcate industry, frugality, temperance and peacefulness.

Not more than one man in four or five is a polygamist, or pluralist, as the Saints more delicately term it. Brigham claims to have adopted the system by special injunction from the Almighty, and exhorts them to persevere in it and defend it with their lives, even against the authority of the Government of the United States. The women generally acquiesce in it; but regard it as a sore trial, to be compensated only by the happiness of eternity. Two or three sisters often have the same husband; some men are married to a mother and her daughter, and some to their own half-sisters. When possible, each wife occupies a separate house or room: but poverty sometimes compels three or four to live in the same apartments. I think they never bring in the mothers-in-law. Even Mormon grace would hardly suffice for that!

The Gentile women recognize and

MORMON FARM-HOUSE.

visit only the first wives. I conversed alone with three Mormon ladies on the subject. Two were young, and unmarried. The first was an active member of the Church, and apparently an earnest believer in its doctrines. She spoke of it with great ardor, manifesting the anxiety universal in the entire community for the respect and commendation of strangers. She laid great stress upon the honesty, frugality and hospitality of the people, the kindness and justice of the leaders in all their dealings, and the special favor and protection of the Almighty which their history seemed to imply. But to my remark that I liked every thing I saw in their practice except polygamy, she answered ingenuously:

"Well, *I* don't like that, and I don't know of anybody who does!"

The second, though reared in the faith and nominally one of the Saints, had steadfastly refused all offers of marriage. She regarded the leaders as charlatans, declared she would die rather than wed in a community where plurality of wives was tolerated, and would leave the Territory but for family ties.

The third was the wife of a prominent Saint. I had already formed her acquaintance in public, and now I encountered her accidentally for ten minutes in a Gentile parlor. Again and again I had heard her husband aver that the women not merely acquiesced in polygamy, but often urged their consorts to take additional wives. After some general conversation she asked:

"What is the most noticeable thing you find among us?"

"The peacefulness of the rival wives. The fact that they not only refrain from breaking each other's heads, but generally seem friendly, and often affectionate."

"That is from a strong religious conviction. Nothing else could produce it. I believe our women are better, more patient than any others in the world. Nobody knows the severity of the trials they have to endure."

"Your people have treated us with the greatest courtesy, and shown us much which excites our sympathy and admiration. They have exhibited little of your home-life, but that little only confirms my previous belief that to give another woman the sacred name of wife, is the greatest crime, the last possible outrage a man can commit against his own wife, and the mother of his children."

The lady replied in painful earnestness, with clinched teeth and every muscle tense:

"Certainly it is! I would rather see my daughter in her shroud than married with the possibility of my experience."

The first wife deems herself superior to the rest, sometimes refusing to associate or speak with them, or to recognize the legitimacy of their marriage.

"Are you Mr. ——'s only wife?" asked a Gentile of a Mormon sister.

"I am," was the reply; "though several other women call themselves his wives!"

We were told of one poor fellow, with a pair of wives in a single house containing but two rooms. When he brought home his second wife, the first indignantly repudiated him, and would no longer even speak with him. Soon after, the second wife also refused to serve him further; and there the poor wretch was, sleeping alone upon the floor of his cabin, and doing his own cooking, washing and mending, while his consorts were at least agreed in hating him cordially!

But the wives are sometimes very amiable, even toward each other. We dined at the house of a leading Saint, whose two consorts, present at the board, but only as waiters, were dressed precisely alike, and seemed to regard each other as sisters. One portly brother has a wife in nearly every village; so whenever he makes the annual tour of the territory, with Brigham, he can always stay in his own house and with his own family! Polygamy is at least self-sustaining; the women are expected to support themselves.

Many grave crimes, including atrocious murders, are alleged against the Mormons in past years, one within a few weeks. Young, Kimball and some

other leaders, are doubtless men who would scruple at nothing to carry out their purposes. Many ignorant followers, too, would obey the mandates of the church, even if they required the commission of crime. But as a whole, the Saints will compare favorably, for honesty, temperance, hospitality and steady, well-directed industry, with the people of any other new State or Territory. It is nineteen years since their pioneers, one hundred and thirty-nine men and four women, reached the site of their present city. Immediately upon arrival, they knelt down and thanked God for his guidance and protection. On the same day they commenced plowing. An old trader, the only white man in the region, declared that he would give a thousand dollars for the first ear of corn they could raise from this parched and barren soil. But there is always a future for settlers who pray and then go to plowing. They have made the treeless desert indeed blossom as the rose, and laid the foundations for a prosperous State in the very heart of the continent.

It is an anomaly in our civilization, that a church more rigid than that of Rome, and with a domestic system utterly defying the laws of all enlightened nations in modern times, should exist in the center of our continent, openly nullifying the statutes and authority of the National Government. But the problem will soon be solved by natural laws. Polygamy, like that other patriarchial institution, which is laid in the tomb of the Capulets, can not exist without isolation. Thus far Brigham has kept his followers from working the rich mines of silver and gold which the mountains contain. This sagacious policy has preserved his power, and greatly increased the prosperity of his people. But within three years Utah will contain a large mining population, composed exclusively of men. The miners are great iconoclasts; and human nature will triumph. The majority of the women will no longer accept one undivided half, or sixth of a husband—in some cases a very vulgar fraction, indeed—when a full unit is attainable.

"By and by," said one of our stage-drivers, "I shall take one of these second Mormon wives myself. Only the first marriage is good in law; none of the later ones are worth a cuss." The future miners will agree with him. Many will take the superfluous Mormon wives, to find them faithful, affectionate and honest. This will solve the problem. Within five years, too, the screaming of the locomotive will be heard in Salt Lake City. Under contact with our national civilization, the power of Brigham and his associates will cease forever, and the one repulsive and monstrous feature of their domestic life no longer stain a community whose history contains much to challenge respect and admiration.

III.

NEVADA AND CALIFORNIA.

LAKE TAHOE.

THE old Spaniards gave to the great central range of our continent the fitting name *Sierra Madre* — Mother Mountains of the world. We have discarded it for the appellation Rocky Mountains, less pretentious and less descriptive, for all mountains are rocky, and these not more than others. The Castilian pioneers also named the tall, narrow ridge, a hundred miles from the Pacific coast, *Sierra Nevada*—White Mountains—from the deep snows that bury their summits for almost half the year.

Until recently, little was known of the Sierra Nevádas, save by emigrants who traversed them on their way from the Mississippi to California, and by Mormons coming from San Francisco to Salt Lake. A huge obstacle to the transcontinental traveler, they were crossed

with great difficulty, and became the scene of more than one appalling tragedy. In 1846, the Donner party, consisting of sixty Illinoisans, *en route* for Oregon, knowing nothing of the climate, attempted to cross the range too late in the season. Near the summit they encountered impassable drifts, through which they could neither advance nor return. Thus imprisoned by inexorable Winter, among snows twelve feet deep, they endured fearful sufferings. Many ate human flesh, and more than forty perished from starvation. The logs of one of their cabins and the stumps of trees which they cut at the surface of the snow, are still seen; while a little body of blue water, nestling among the vast bare rocks, is called Donner Lake. Several survivors, who reached California, yet live to tell their horrible story.

The great tract between the eastern foot of the Sierras and the western rim of the Utah basin is the most desolate upon our continent—a vast expanse of ashen desert and sandy, rocky hills, destitute of wood and grass. Streams are few and far between. The Central Overland route crosses no stream, from the Jordan, just west of Salt Lake City, to "Reese River," a little brook of Nevada—almost four hundred miles. Until within the last seven years, this immense tract was unvisited save by small parties of emigrants, pony-express riders, drivers, stock-tenders, and the few passengers by overland mail.

Toward the close of 1859, Comstock and Penrod, two prospectors in pursuit of gold, discovered a vein of dark ore, and were puzzled to decide upon its character. Specimens sent to San Francisco for assay, turned out to be very rich silver-bearing quartz. A great rush for the new region immediately begun, and the Comstock Lode proved the richest vein of silver ever found. It is a mile and a half in length, from eighty to two hundred feet in width, and is already opened downward for nearly seven hundred feet, without giving out. "Once a silver mine, always a silver mine," is the favorite theory. It is claimed that they never become exhausted, and some Peruvian lodes are already worked to the depth of seventeen hundred feet.

The Comstock has yielded wonderfully. From only twelve hundred feet in length, the Gould and Curry company have taken twelve millions of dollars. As usual, in mining history, the original discoverers failed to reap the profit, and are still poor men, seeking fortunes in new fields. Here begun the silver-mining of the United States—an industry yet in its infancy, but destined to prove one of the most important interests of the nation. It is the sole pursuit of Nevada, which has sprung up on the desert, and was admitted to the Union in 1863. During 1865, the Wells-Fargo Express Company carried from Nevada to San Francisco fifteen million dollars in bullion, the product of this newest and youngest State, born at the outset of a great civil war.

The traveler from the east approaches Nevada by the daily coaches of the Overland Mail Company, from Salt Lake. They run very rapidly, night and day. Here is the perfection of staging. The stations are ten or twelve miles apart. When a coach rolls up to their door, whatever the hour of the day or night, the stable is opened, four or six clean, glossy horses, in shining harnesses, are led out and substituted for the dusty, panting steeds; and in five or eight minutes the stage whirls on. Over one road, last summer, we were driven eight miles in thirty minutes; and we accomplished the five hundred and seventy-five miles from Salt Lake to Virginia City in seventy-two hours! During Indian hostilities, the coaches seldom stop, and drivers and superintendents often manifest great daring in taking the mail, through the darkness, over lonely and dangerous desert roads. One night last August the coach, containing no passengers save a woman and child, reached a station, without any driver. Three miles back, overcome by sleep, he had fallen from the box, and the wheels passed over and killed him.

The Overland Telegraph, which Indians call "The Long Tongue," follows the mail route.

The stage company manifest great pride in their enterprise, often running the line at a heavy loss for months, when passenger-travel is cut off. A single stockholder has paid assessments to the amount of twenty-four thousand dollars, to meet his portion of the deficiency for one year. The time will doubtless come when twenty daily stages will run, to fill up the unfinished gap in the Central Pacific Railroad. This magnificent work is pushed forward at both ends with great energy. More than ten thousand laborers are employed upon it. Within five years, the cars will probably run from ocean to ocean.

The expenses of the Mail Company have been enormous. In 1864, they paid twenty-five cents per pound for all grain used between Salt Lake and Austin, each horse consuming daily from ten to fifteen pounds of oats or barley. But, last year, they ceased purchasing grain of the Mormons, and opened a farm upon the desert. They sowed oats and barley upon the freshly-turned sod of eight hundred and forty acres. The entire tract yielded thirty bushels to the acre, and one-fourth of it fifty bushels to the acre, saving the corporation more than fifty thousand dollars. Upon all our deserts, as upon those of Arabia, the introduction of water makes the soil productive. Thus far, irrigation is only from streams, except in portions of California, where water is drawn from wells by windmills; but in time, simple and cheap machinery for irrigation from wells will doubtless be introduced. Then the great American Desert will become a thing of the past, and the thousands upon thousands of miles of sage-brush and grease-wood, dwarf-cedar and cactus, sand and alkali, stretching from British Columbia to Northern Mexico and from Western Kansas to the Sierra Nevadas will yield barley, oats and fruit as profusely as the Mississippi valley produces corn and hay.

The tourist from the east encounters the first quartz-mining of Nevada at Egan Cañon, two hundred and fifty miles west of Salt Lake. Last year it was inaugurated by a little five-stamp mill, so imperfect in its operations as to extract only about fifty per cent of the silver from the ore; but it paid for itself in ninety days. In some portions of Europe quartz-mining has reached such perfection that the entire amount of the assay is extracted. But, in the United States, eighty per cent is the largest product usually obtained. Several new mills are erected in Egan Cañon, and promise well for the future.

One hundred and sixty-four miles further west, we reach Austin, metropolis of the Reese River district, and most important mining region of Nevada, except Virginia City. It is built upon innumerable narrow parallel veins of ore, threading a belt of country one mile wide and five in length. The first discovery of silver here was made by Talcott, a pony-express rider, in July, 1862. The usual excitement and rush of emigrants followed. A wandering farmer, establishing a ranch in one of the little valleys, while digging a post-hole, struck a fragment of ore. It proved to belong to a rich vein, and he sold his claim for seven thousand dollars. Explorations far to the south have revealed rich mines, though, as yet, few mills are erected. The pioneers often manifest great enterprise, endure severe hardships, and confront imminent peril, from snow and Indians. In February, 1864, an exploring party, under Colonel D. C. Buell, penetrated several hundred miles southward, and traveled five and a half days upon the desert without finding water. At last, when barely able to stand, they reached a thick, stagnant pool, which saved their lives, and whose putrid water tasted like nectar to their parched throats.

Austin contains about four thousand people. The town straggles for three miles down a deep, crooked cañon, with ashen, treeless hills, rising for several hundred feet on each side of the principal thoroughfare. Many hundreds of shafts and ditches, surrounded by piles of reddish earth, show the industry of prospectors in pursuit of ore. There is great truth in the proverb, that it requires a gold mine to work a silver mine, and often to find one. Austin is a city

"lying around loose." Along the narrow valley, huge quartz-mills thunder incessantly; and far up the brown hillsides, little dwellings of stone, brick, wood and adobe are curiously niched and scattered.

The city is six thousand feet above the sea, and the air so thin that the least physical labor causes great shortness of breath. At this altitude, persons wearing artificial teeth find it difficult to keep them in the mouth, so slight is the atmospheric pressure! By day, Austin is quiet, more than half the inhabitants working under ground; but at night, along the principal street, brilliantly lighted saloons, with open fronts, are filled with motley crowds, engaged in monté, and other reckless gambling, inseparable from new mining regions.

Chinamen, from San Francisco, have already penetrated to this remote region, and over the doors of many of the little shanties are signs bearing the announcement, so comforting to the bachelor heart, that Chin-Kong or Sam-Sing does washing and ironing at the lowest rates, with no extra charge for sewing on buttons! There are fifty thousand Celestials upon the Pacific coast, scattered through the large towns and mining regions. They are engaged in mining, gardening, horticulture, peddling fruit, fish and vegetables, and as house-servants and cooks. They make nine-tenths of the segars, do nearly all the laundry business, cultivate several great vineyards, are operatives in the woolen-factories, and seven or eight thousand are day-laborers upon the Pacific Railroad, swarming among the Sierras like flies upon a honeycomb. They are very industrious, in the mines, gleaning where the white man has reaped.

Some are heavy merchants, large importers of teas, silks, opium, sugar and rice, noted for correctness and fair-dealing. They settle all money disputes among themselves, never appealing to the courts. They have a novel bankruptcy practice. On the last day of the year, the Chinaman who is unable to meet his obligations pays the largest per centage he can, declaring his inability to do more. On New Year's morning his

JOHN CHINAMAN.

creditors forgive him, embrace him, and declare him "free of the books." Afterward, if able, he cancels the debt, from pride, not obligation.

On the lower coast, they are extensively engaged in fishing, shipping the product of their labors to San Francisco and China. As house-servants, they are excellent. Every Celestial in the United States, according to his geographical origin, belongs to one of the six Chinese companies, whose head-quarters are in San Francisco. In health, they exercise a paternal discipline over him; in sickness, they care for him; after death, they transport his embalmed body to China, where it is preserved for years in his family household. Persons desiring servants, procure them from one of these companies, who warrant them for twelve months; will replace them if they run away or prove unsatisfactory; and insure their conviction in the courts if they are guilty of crime. Filth and petty-larcenies are the chief offenses to be urged against them. On the other hand, they are quiet, temperate, ingenious, frugal and industrious. They make sad work of speaking English, add double *e* to words, change *r* to *l* and *v* to *b*. "Want washee?" asks John Chinaman. "Washee shirtee belee goodee. Only two bittee." In a few large towns they have religious temples. Their chief deity is called "Josh." In a violent quarrel between a Chinaman and a Jew, the former

wrathfully said: "Oh, yesee; I knowee you—you killee Melicann man's Josh!"

The Austin silver veins are very narrow, containing ores rich but intractable and difficult to reduce. Quartz-mills, containing in the aggregate more than a hundred stamps, are in operation. The interior of a great mill, with its heavy, complicated machinery, is curious and suggestive. First, the quartz is broken, by sledge-hammers, into fragments like apples. Next, it is shoveled into the feeders, where huge iron stamps, of from three hundred to eight hundred pounds weight, rising and falling sixty times a minute, like enormous pestles in a Titanic mortar, thunder and clatter, making the building tremble, as they crush the rock to wet powder. The workmen run this pulp successively through the settling-tanks, amalgamating-pans, agitators and separators—the refuse material passing away, and quicksilver collecting the precious metal into a mass of shining amalgam, soft as putty. This goes into the fire-retort, where it leaves the quicksilver behind, and finally into moulds, whence it comes forth clear and pure, in bricks and bars of shining silver.

Going westward from Austin, one obtains his first glimpse of the grand Sierras, at the distance of seventy miles. Soon after, he reaches Virginia City, a wonderful young metropolis, containing, with its adjuncts of Gold Hill and Silver City, eighteen thousand people. Here, in a region bare and forbidding, treeless and verdureless, has sprung up, like Jonah's gourd, a city set upon a hill, which can not be hid. It perches far up the side of Mount Davidson, a lonely rock peak, rising fifteen hundred feet. How the old mountain, after long centuries of silence and desolation, must have been surprised at the modern city shooting up at its feet—a city of great brick blocks, costly churches, tasteful schoolhouses, imposing hotels, telegraph wires, five daily stages, two theaters, three daily newspapers—one nearly as large as the eight-page journals of New York!

The mountain-side is so steep that some cross-streets are almost impassable for vehicles. Upon the chief thoroughfare, the front door of Wells, Fargo & Co's great Express office is level with the street, while the back window is three stories above the ground. In the heart of the city, and its Gold Hill extension, are scores of huge quartz-mills, whose stamps pound unceasingly, and whose smoke darkens the heavens. One of these—the Gould and Curry—cost upward of six hundred thousand dollars, and contains eighty stamps, reducing one hundred tons of ore daily. It is the largest and finest quartz-mill in the world, finished throughout with the nicety and exactness of a music-box.

The streets are thronged; there is a perpetual whirl of business, and the theaters are open every night, including Sundays. During some excitements, mining stocks have commanded incredible prices; a foot in one company has sold for eighteen thousand dollars; but it now rates at less than one-tenth of that sum. A single owner, at one time, received twenty-five thousand dollars a month from his mining stocks, but had the judgment to sell before the collapse, for the fluctuations of silver have been precisely like those of petroleum.

Here is the original Washoe. In San Francisco it is still known by that name, and not as Nevada. It received the appellation from the Washoe Indians. I do not know where they gained it; certainly not from any Mohammedan reverence for washing. If cleanliness be next to godliness, they are the least divine of human creatures. A few of these "oldest inhabitants" still remain, in rags and wretchedness, gazing in stolid wonder upon the strange civilization which has pushed them from their stools.

The city stands over the great Comstock Lode, the richest silver-vein in the world. It is honeycombed with hundreds of subterranean tunnels and chambers, from twenty to six hundred feet below the surface. The Gould & Curry mine alone has thirty-five chambers, one above another, with endless drifts and passages. Some of the huge timbers which keep the roofs from falling in, are so crushed and broken by the

THE OLDEST INHABITANTS.

weight of rock, as to shake the strongest unaccustomed nerves. This mine alone, but four hundred yards in length, and seldom one hundred feet in width, is believed to contain more lumber than the whole city of Virginia above ground. A journey through it is very fatiguing. One climbs, hour after hour, up and down dizzy ladders and long, hollow passages, where the blows of the pick ring and echo, while flaring candles throw lurid light over perspiring miners and carmen.

Only the lower grades of ore are reduced here. All yielding more than one thousand dollars per ton is sent in wagons over the Sierras one hundred miles to the railroad, and thence shipped, *via* San Francisco, to Swansea, in Wales. Rich ore, even from Austin, is hauled seven hundred miles, and sent abroad for crushing. On the completion of the Pacific Railway, this branch of carrying-trade alone will become immense, unless we acquire the same subtlety to extract *all* the metal which Welsh and German mills have attained. The average Nevada ore yields two dollars of silver to one of gold.

I have spoken only of those regions in which mining is carried on extensively. Other sections, where development is just beginning, are equally rich in valuable ores. The Humboldt region, north of Virginia, a large tract south of Austin, and the Pah-Ranagat district, near the Colorado River, are said to contain larger and more remunerative mines than have yet been opened; but no single vein has been found equaling the Comstock Lode, which has already yielded about fifty millions of dollars.

There is little farming land, though there are some rich valleys along the Carson River and other streams. The State never will be self-sustaining for a large population, but must draw its chief supplies from Utah and California. Hot-springs abound. A few miles from Virginia, over a tract a mile long, following the course of a little brook, sulphur-water boils and throbs under ground, here and there breaking through in jets of hot water and steam. At one point rises from the ground a fountain six or eight feet high, puffing like a high-pressure steamer, wherefore all the waters

are known as the Steamboat Springs. Like the great sulphur springs at Salt Lake, they possess much curative virtue, and are especially useful in rheumatism.

Sixteen miles west of Virginia, Carson City, the pleasant capitol of the State, nestles in a green valley at the foot of the Sierras. Thence the road winds up the steep roof of the mountain, among deep-green valleys and huge granite hills studded with magnificent pines. In thirteen miles the summit is reached at Lake Tahoe, the most beautiful little body of water in the United States. Among the clouds, one mile above the sea, this shining mirror lies for twenty miles, fringed with somber pines and walled in by dark mountains. Though at some points fifteen hundred feet deep, it is almost as transparent as the air, distinctly revealing the bottom through a hundred feet of water. In summer the little steamer, Governor Blaisdel, plies upon it for the pleasure-seekers who board at the Glen Brook House and the Lake House. It is the highest water on the globe navigated by steamboat. The State line between California and Nevada crosses the Lake.

We pass the summit at seven thousand feet above the sea, among mountains of every form and color—of the deepest green and the purest snow. Here, where the track in winter is obstructed by drifts ten feet in depth, pass three telegraph wires, eight daily coaches, and thousands of heavy freight-wagons, each drawn by ten or twelve mules. The winding road is graded like a railway—the finest of turnpikes for the perfection of staging. In early days, the ride was very perilous, along rocky, sidling roads, upon the edge of dizzy precipices, where one looked down for a thousand feet, upon patches of greensward and silver streams. When the editor of the *Tribune* crossed in 1859, he was driven by Hank Monk—famous as a Jehu, for, like the son of Nimshi, he driveth furiously. A story of this ride is current all over the great plains and among the mountains. The editor had a lecture engagement in Placerville, and as the horses climbed slowly up the eastern side, feared he would be too late. Twice he urged the driver forward, but the reticent Monk paid not the slightest heed. Soon after, they reached the summit and began to descend. Then cracked the idle whip, and the horses, at full run, tore along the precipices, where a single stone or misstep might send them rolling over, in which case the passenger was sure that, upon reaching the bottom, the coach, horses and men would not be worth twenty-five cents a bushel. Tossed about in the bouncing vehicle, he assured the driver that such haste was unnecessary, that half an hour sooner or later would make no material difference.

"Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley," replied the imperturbable Monk, with a fresh crack of the whip—"keep your seat; I'll get you to Placerville in time!"

Through that over-ruling Providence, which cares for the careless, the journey was accomplished in safety.

> "I know not how the truth may be,
> I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

But the legend so pleased certain Californians, that they presented Monk with an elegant gold watch, bearing the inscription: "Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley—I'll get you to Placerville in time."

One night afterward, when Monk's coach was late—for these stages run by time-table—he drove very hard, to the terror of a self-important judicial personage, who vainly expostulated again and again; and at last, with severe gravity, thundered:

"I will have you discharged before the week is out. Do you know who I am, sir?"

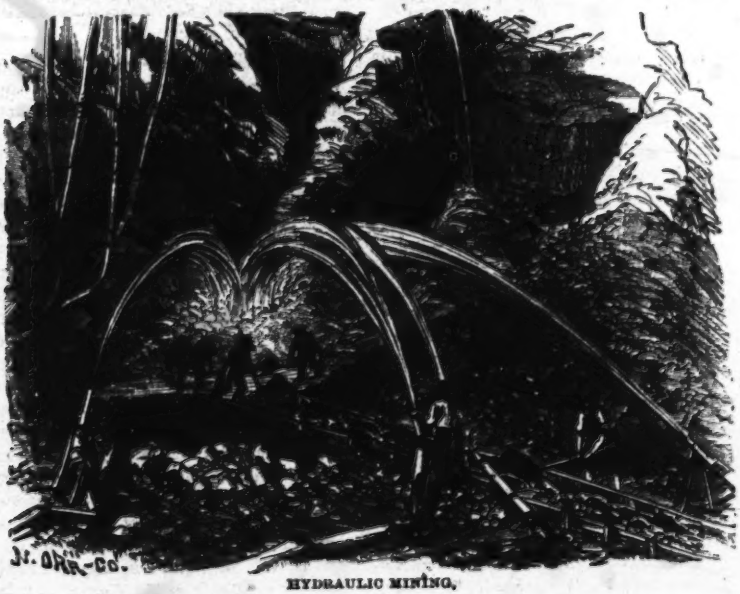
"Oh, yes!" replied Monk, "perfectly well. But I am going to take this coach into Carson City on time, if it kills every one-horse judge in the State of California!"

Now, the broad, winding roads are beautifully smooth, and in summer sprinkled from carts for sixty miles, to keep down the all-enveloping dust. The drivers show wonderful skill, when their horses are at full gallop, winding among the ponderous wagons, and through gaps between them and the precipice, barely

wide enough for the wheels. It makes the blood bound and the cheeks tingle. Twenty-four on the coach, with six horses galloping down the Sierras, along a winding, graded road, at twelve miles an hour. It is swift as Sheridan's Ride, and stirring as the Charge of the Six Hundred.

At the foot of the mountains passengers find the locomotive awaiting them. Riding fifty or sixty miles by cars to Sacramento, then one hundred and twenty miles by steamer to San Francisco, they have crossed the continent, and look out through the Golden Gate upon the great Pacific.

California abounds in so many curiosities, works both of nature and man, that these limits only permit me briefly to enumerate a few. Hitherto I have described placer and quartz-mining. A third branch, hydraulic-mining, reaches perfection in California. Water is brought down from high summits, through cast-iron pipes, into the valleys, one or two hundred feet below. A stream one foot square at the top passes through a pipe of three-inch hose at the bottom, and is then directed against the banks, like a stream from a fire-engine. The condensation and fall give it incredible force. It would knock down a brick building as if it were a child's cob-house. At ten feet from the nozzle it would cut through a man like a cannon-ball. At forty feet it would crush him to jelly. Directed against the side of a hill, it sends clouds of earth and boulders flying in every direction, bores into the compact gravel like a huge augur, and penetrates the narrowest crevices of rocks, loosening and bringing down fragments like sugar-hogsheads. At the bottom, laborers stand in water up to the thighs, clearing away the *débris*, which the stream washes, rocks and all, into the flume. This is a wooden trough, with sharp descent. Slats on the bottom catch the sinking gold, while the water carries away the dirt, and tosses along like corks the huge rolling stones which fill it. Sometimes the undermined hills cave in, and bury the laborers. While working, they glance up uneasily at the melting hill, which, any instant, may fall upon them. Three of these streams will cut



HYDRAULIC MINING.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, FROM INSPIRATION POINT.

down and wash away a section of hill twenty feet long, twenty wide and two hundred high, in twelve hours.

The most marvelous scenery of California—indeed, of the whole world—is found in Yosemite Valley, Mariposa County. It was our good fortune to visit it, with a party of fifteen, including six ladies. A stage-ride of one hundred miles from Stockton took us to the end of wagon-roads. Thence we continued on horseback, spending the first night at Clark's, a long, low-porched log-house, occupied by an intelligent hermit and pioneer, who has turned his back upon civilization to rear his lonely cabin in the wilderness. The ladies occupied the straw beds under his roof, filling the house, while their banished lords slept under heaven's canopy, in the lee of a friendly haystack, with a blanket for lodgings and a board for a pillow.

The next morning we started on, riding for several miles upon a high plateau, eight thousand feet above sea-level. In winter, snow is often twenty feet deep; but summer reveals meadows of richest grass and brightest flowers, among deep forests of slender pines and silver-tipped firs. Sometimes these trees are two hundred feet high, their trunks and branches gorgeous with yellow moss. The ground glitters with lark-spur, daisy, lily, honey-suckle and godola. In 1853, Horace Greeley found upon this lonely summit a stray Yankee pasturing one hundred and fifty hogs, which he protected at night from the grizzly bears, by building around them a circle of log fires. Long ere this the bears have been thinned by pioneer rifles, the hogs have made their inevitable journey to the San Francisco slaughter-house, and their herdsman, perhaps turned to a day-laborer in Australian mines, perhaps to a bank president in New York, with parlors at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and a six-horse equipage on the Central Park.

In the afternoon sun we galloped forward out of the pine woods, stood upon the rock-precipice of Inspiration Point, and looked into Yosemite Valley, thousands of feet right under us. It is a gorge or chasm in the mountains, nine miles long, with an average width of three quarters of a mile. Its floor is a level valley, shaded with spreading trees, rich in meadows of tall grass and brilliant flowers, and bright with the shining waters of Merced River. On either side rise immense walls and turrets of bare granite, from two thousand to five thousand feet high—walls so upright and perfect that an expert cragsman can climb out of the valley at only three or four points. This enormous fissure, which has no parallel in the world, is the result of some ancient convulsion, which cleft asunder the everlasting hills, and rent the great globe itself.

We looked down into the valley as one from a house-top looks down into his garden, or rather as one might view the interior of some stupendous roofless cathedral from the top of its towering walls. Flinging a pebble from the rock upon which we lay, with faces over the bank, we saw it fall more than half a mile before striking. Glancing across the profound chasm, we surveyed *El Capitan*, an unbroken, seamless wall of granite, two-thirds of a mile high and more than perpendicular, its top protruding one hundred and fifty feet over the base. At the upper end of the valley, we beheld the South Dome—a rock one mile high, riven asunder from top to bottom. Directly before us, we saw the Bridal Vail Fall, least of all the five wonderful cascades in the valley, yet, with its snowy stream leaping unbroken more than nine hundred feet, quite melted in mist, before reaching the bottom.

INTO THE VALLEY.

These distances are so vast that they confuse our ordinary standards of comparison, strain the eye and pain the brain. One might as well be told of a wall upright like the side of a house, ten thousand miles high, as two-thirds of one mile. When we speak of a giant twenty-five feet high, it conveys some definite impression; but to tell of one three thousand feet high, would only bewilder, and convey no meaning whatever. So, at first, these stupendous walls simply confuse the mind. By degrees, day after day, the sight of them clears it, until, at last, one receives a just impression of their solemn immensity.

We gazed down upon the scene with a profound sense of Divine power and human littleness, until the very grandeur of the spectacle compelled us to turn away and rest from its oppressive magnitude. Then we rode for two hours down—down, among sharp rocks and dizzy zig-zags, where the ladies found it difficult to keep in the saddles, and narrowly escaped pitching over the heads of their horses.

This novel equestrianism took us into the valley by the Mariposa Trail. We spent five days among its curiosities and wonders, which steadily grew upon us from first to last. The rock-mountains are the great features—indeed, they are Yosemite itself. Nine granite mountains

range in hight from three to six thousand feet, the most striking examples on the globe of the masonry of Nature. Beside them the great pyramid would be but the merest pebble. The most impressive is *El Capitan*, or *Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah*—Spanish and Indian names, both signifying "The Leader," but applied in the sense of the Supreme Being. It is a solid, seamless, stupendous wall, on which no shrub nor grass finds footing, and no tenacious vine can fasten its tendrils. Towering upright for three thousand nine hundred feet, it is grandeur, massiveness, indestructibility. The tallest is the South Dome, whose summit is more than a mile above the level of the valley. It is cleft asunder from top to bottom, and one half has disappeared. Gigantic cedars upon its top, seen from the valley, are mere twigs, barely visible to the naked eye.

The waterfalls, though less striking than the rocks, have given more fame to the valley. They are five in number, each quite unlike the rest. The Bridal Vail, spanned by a rainbow, hangs like a delicate film of lace, for nine hundred feet. Before reaching the end of its long descent, a fall no longer, it is transformed into spray—the Niobe of cascades, dissolved in tears. The Vernal rushes eagerly over gloomy, brown rocks, and then leaps headlong for three hundred feet, roaring like a miniature Niagara, encircled by rainbows of dazzling brightness. At the base, in the afternoon sun, is seen the rare phenomenon of the round rainbow, the entire circle perfect as a finger-ring. At Nevada Falls, the river tumbles seven hundred feet in swaying mistiness. It is fitly named, for the water is white as a snow-drift. Near the bottom it strikes an inclined plane or apron of the rock, spreading into a sheet of floating silver tissue, one hundred and thirty feet wide, then breaking into delicate, snowy net-work, with myriads of shining beads and sparkling threads — an exquisite silken fringe on the great white curtain. The South Fork Fall shoots over the precipice for seven hundred and thirty feet, in a descent unbroken until just before it reaches the basin below. But the Yosemite itself is the monarch of cascades. With only a single break, it leaps two thousand six hundred and thirty-four feet. It is far the loftiest in the world. Think of a cascade—for it is less than twenty feet wide at the summit—of more than half a mile! It is sixteen times higher than Niagara. In spring it has great volume; but during summer it is only vast, incredible hight.

The floor of the beautiful valley is threaded by the shining river, and carpeted with rich grass and myriads of wild flowers, including primroses of yellow and crimson, and the Ithereal Spear of exquisite purple. It is fringed with spreading oaks, and dotted with slender, symmetric pines, which sometimes rise nearly three hundred feet, dwarfing men and buildings beneath their branches to the merest pigmies.

On the whole, Yosemite Valley is incomparably the most wonderful feature of our continent. European travelers agree that trans-Atlantic scenery has nothing at all approaching it. Unless the unexplored Himalayas hide some rival, there is no spot the wide world over of such varied beauty and measureless grandeur.

Thirty miles from Yosemite, are the Mariposa Big Trees — one of twenty groves already discovered in California. They resemble the species of cedar known as red-wood; but botanists name them sequoias. They are the oldest and most stupendous vegetable products existing upon the globe. Of the twelve hundred in this grove, two hundred are more than twelve feet in diameter; fifty more than sixteen feet, and six more than thirty feet. The Prostrate Monarch, lying upon the ground, leafless, branchless, and partially consumed by fire, is believed to have fallen fully one hundred and fifty years ago. With the bark on, it must have been forty feet in diameter. One tree has a branch six feet in thickness, parting from the stem eighty feet above the ground. Into a cavity, burned in the side of another standing tree, fifteen of us rode together, all sitting upon our horses, in that black, novel

chamber, which occupies less than half the thickness of the trunk. Through another stem lying upon the ground, fire has bored like an augur, and our entire cavalcade rode through it from end to end, as a railway train goes through a tunnel.

The largest standing tree is the Grizzly Giant. Its bark is nearly two feet thick, its diameter about thirty-five feet, and its hight more than three hundred. If cut off smoothly, fifty horses could stand, or sixteen couples dance upon the stump! If the trunk were hollowed to a shell, it would contain more cubic feet than an ocean steamer or man-of-war two hundred and fifty feet long! These monster trees are the patriarchs of the globe. Some botanists date their birth far back of earliest human history. None estimate their age at less than eighteen hundred years. It is impressive to see growths which begun in the morning twilight of the world; to look upon trees living to-day which were living at the beginning of the Christian era. Well says Holmes:

"In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth—
So far as I know—but a tree and truth."

A PINE TREE IN YOSEMITE VALLEY—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

GRIZZLY GIANT.

I have seen cut from the Big Trees, pieces of bark twenty-two inches in thickness. Of a rich mahogany tinge, when dressed with the plane, it looks like delicate velvet or plush. It is very soft, and ladies of the Pacific Coast often use fragments for pin cushions. Who says we have no respect for antiquity? If imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, may serve for stopping a crevice in the wall, why should we not cut into pin-cushions these venerable relics of the earth's childhood?

The reader should not confound the pine of Yosemite Valley, illustrated upon the preceding page, with the Big Trees or sequoias of which the Grizzly Giant is one. The pines, like those of Washington Territory, are simply hight, slenderness, symmetry. The delicate tracery of the branch is beautiful beyond description; but the trunk is comparatively small. The sequoias, though little taller, are age, thickness, massiveness. One, in the Calaveras Grove, was cut down by boring with augurs and sawing the spaces between. The work employed five men for twenty-five days. When fully cut off, the tree, perhaps from long habit, stubbornly continued to stand, and only yielded to the persuasive logic of wedge and battering ram. The pine-cones are cylindrical, and sometimes nearly two feet in length. Those of the Big Trees are round and not larger than apples.

The age of giants lingers on the Pacific Coast. High on the Sierras, a mile above sea-level, I have frequently observed sugar pines ten or twelve feet in diameter. Of the ponderous red-wood in California and Oregon, something has been said already. But those monster sequoias are the crowning marvel of the world. How they carry the mind back to

> "The events of old and wondrous times,
> Which dim tradition interruptedly teaches!"

Perchance their youth saw the awkward,

thundering mastodon canter over the hills, and the reptile, a hundred feet long, with multitudinous legs, and mouth like a volcano, crawl sluggishly through torrid swamps! They were living when the father of poets, old, blind, and vagabond, sung his immortal song; when the sage of Athens, "that most Christian heathen," calmly drunk the hemlock; when the carpenter of Judea, from whom the world now computes its time, was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, despised and rejected of men.

An Act of Congress has segregated Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, from the general public domain, setting them apart as pleasure-grounds for the people of the United States, and the stranger within their gates, for them and their heirs and assigns forever. This wise legislation secures, to the proper national uses, incomparably the largest and grandest park and the sublimest natural scenery in the whole world. They are under the care of a commission appointed by the Governor of California for their preservation and protection—to render them accessible, keep them free from mutilation, and see that no vandal hand of Art attempts to improve upon the simplicity and grandeur of Nature.

The California Geysers are unequaled among the hot springs of the world. They are reached by steamer across the bay from San Francisco to Petaluma; thence by stage for about fifty miles over one of the finest farming regions of the State. Here the cactus grows profusely to the hight of six or seven feet; the live-oak, with glossy leaves attains perfection; and the mountain laurel, or medrona, with vivid green foliage and stem of bright red, charms the eye with its rare grace and loveliness. All the tree-boughs are festooned with great bunches of rich, green mistletoe.

From Foss's Station—a favorite resort among the mountains—the Geysers are twelve miles distant, and reached by a wild, romantic road. For two miles, it winds along the Hog-back, a mountain summit like the ridge-pole of a steep roof. It has been leveled until barely wide enough for carriage-wheels, and on each side one looks down precipitous banks for one or two thousand feet. If the wheels diverged ten inches from the track, the load of passengers would reach the bottom much in the condition of a bushel of apples after passing through a cider-mill. But, though Foss is one of the fastest and most daring drivers in the country, and inexperienced passengers shiver until their hair stands on end, when he is at the ribbons, no accident has ever happened to him.

The ridges display the dense shrubbery of the manzineta, or mountain mahogany; upon whose red, juicy berries grizzly bears subsist and travelers quench their thirst; the strongly-spiced bay or pepper-wood, which has the virtue of driving away fleas, and the exquisite madrona, with a round fruit, tasting like the dried thimbleberry. Here bears and antelopes offer great temptations to hunters.

The roar of the Geysers is heard, and their smoke seen, two miles away, in favorable conditions of the atmosphere. After being whirled along a road which pitches down sixteen hundred feet, with thirty-five sharp turns in two miles, the visitor finds himself in a narrow valley, viewing hundreds of steam-jets puffing up from the ground. They are chiefly in a ravine half a mile long, known as the Devil's Cañon. Steep walls rise from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet, bare, spongy, ashy, clayey soil, without the faintest sign of grass or shrub. There are fully one thousand places where steam issues from the soil. Hot water often bubbles up above the surface; but much more startling and impressive is the boiling *within* hundreds of cavities under ground. One feels that only the flimsiest shell protects him from some vast, subterranean cauldron. At times the ground vibrates so as to rattle crockery in the hotel one-third of a mile away. Hot, cold and boiling springs are found side by side, each with its own individual hue—blue, brown, black, red, green, yellow, pink or gray. Their constituents vary greatly, though soda, magnesia, epsom salts and various salts of iron, predominate.

In passing up the cañon, the visitor burns his fingers and receives stifling blasts from natural hot furnaces. He must be cautious where he steps, unless he would break through the crust, into some of the seething pools below. Steamboat Spring is grandest of all. It has no water, but consists entirely of steam, puffing through an aperture large as the body of a man, with a roar like a great steamship, the column rising up for hundreds of feet. The Vent Holes are two springs, a few feet apart, which will boil an egg in a minute and a half, and from which the steam escapes with great force. A stone, as large as a man's fist, thrown into one of them, rebounds three or four feet, like an India rubber ball.

These springs are numerous for six miles along the Pluton River; and travelers declare that they far surpass the famed Geysers of Iceland. They are not volcanic, but result from chemical action. The smell of brimstone, the hissing steam, throbbing waters and underground roaring and trembling, are peculiarly diabolical. Indians regard them with wildest terror, and can not be persuaded to approach them; and some white visitors never dare to enter the cañon. They are among the most curious and wonderful of the many curiosities and wonders of the Pacific coast.

No other region of equal area can boast half the natural beauties and marvels of California. Yosemite, the Sierras, Mount Shasta, the Big Trees, the Geysers, and Lake Tahoe—brighest gem in her mountain coronet—are all worthy of note among the most impressive features of the visible universe. Already they are sought annually by hundreds of foreigners; and the completion of the Pacific Railroad will make them the pleasure-grounds of the world.

THE DEVIL'S CANON.

IV.

OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

HORSE-TAIL FALL.

THE stage-route from Sacramento, California, to Portland, Oregon, is six hundred and forty-two miles long. In summer the trip consumes less than a week. In winter the roads are inconceivably bad, for winter in Oregon means rain, not frost.

On our west coast, the isothermal line bends abruptly northward. San Francisco, in the latitude of Richmond, has the climate of Savannah. Victoria, on Vancouver Island, far north of Quebec, is as warm as New York. In Portland, Oregon, roses grow in open air throughout the year. Walla-Walla, in Washington Territory, latitude 46°, corresponds in temperature to Washington City, in 39°; Clark's Fork, Idaho, in 48°, to St. Joseph, Missouri, in 40°; Bitter Root Valley, Montana, in 46°, to Philadelphia, in 40°. All points on the Pacific slope are as warm as those from six to ten degrees further south, on the Atlantic side. This difference is sometimes imputed to the numberless hot springs among the headwaters of the Columbia; indeed, everywhere, from the Rocky Mountains to the Great Ocean. But the more prevalent theory refers it to a current of warm water and air from the Indian Ocean, striking the coast at an acute angle, near San Francisco, and thence flowing northward. The Coast Range and Cascade Mountains arrest and condense the clouds, causing the winters of Western Oregon, where the sun seldom shines, either on the evil or on the good, and the rain steadily falls, both upon the just and the unjust. Satirical Californians call their Oregon neighbors the "Web-feet."

In winter, stage-travelers pay their fares for the privilege of being jounced in mud-wagons, or dislocated on horseback, or mired on foot. Then the journey from Sacramento to Portland seems interminable, and there are rumors of passengers who died of old age upon the road.

But the summer journey is speedy and agreeable. The tourist passes through

the rich quartz regions and great agricultural tracts of Northern California. One farmer owns an estate of twenty thousand acres, and last year had nearly two thousand acres in cultivation. Continuing northward, the country grows mountainous and thinly settled. The region abounds in tall pines, with long, hairy strands of brown Spanish moss hanging from their boughs, and in straggling white oaks, festooned with mistletoe—at first a vivid green, but yellowing as death approaches. This beautiful parasite, drinking the sap, soon kills the tree, and then itself perishes.

Eighty miles east of the stage-road, Mount Shasta—one of the highest California peaks, northern monarch of the Sierra Nevadas—rears its snowy crest fourteen thousand feet above sea-level. Its summit—reached with difficulty—commands a grand, inspiring view. Among its eternal snows gushes a boiling sulphur spring. Shasta is an isolated, extinct volcano—a perfect cone of dazzling white beyond green-wooded valleys and the purple hills of the horizon.

Yreka, the northern settlement of California, is a mountain town thirty-five hundred feet above the sea. It is the site of considerable placer-mining. The city and the gold-diggers are supplied with water by a canal one hundred miles long. The name—pronounced "*Wy*-reka"—is derived from a tribe of Indians. Here a pioneer baker placed over his door the sign, "Yreka Bakery," and puzzled strangers were often invited to try the experiment of spelling the two words backward.

Just beyond, crossing a little stream of the Siskyou Mountains, three hundred miles north of Sacramento, we enter Oregon. In the first valley, vegetation abruptly changes, exhibiting new wild flowers and abundance of oak, maple and madrona. The last is a beautiful evergreen, here seventy feet high, with vivid shining leaves, and bark which deadens and drops off in spring, leaving smooth trunk, and branches of delicate, pale red.

In general, Eastern Oregon is little inhabited, and its sterile mountains are densely timbered. But our road threads little valleys of tall timothy and golden wheat—of white farm-houses, their porches and verandas shaded with locusts and willows and flanked by immense barns; of young orchards, heavy with ripening plums and pears, apples and peaches; of clear rills which pour down the hill-sides to the farmer's door; of log school-houses, "where young Ambition climbs his little ladder, and boyish Genius plumes his half-fledged wings." In passing from one to another of these narrow valleys, we cross abrupt, wooded mountains, and go through placer gold-diggings. The gold mines of the young State have already contributed more than twelve millions of dollars to the treasury of the world. But our richest mineral yields in the North-west are likely to come from the silver mines of Oregon and Idaho. Treasure to the amount of two million dollars per month sometimes passes down the Columbia from these newly-opened regions. It has been well suggested that, as the entrance to San Francisco Bay is called the Golden Gate, the mouth of the Columbia should be named the Silver Gate.

There are many local histories and traditions. For a number of years, Ulysses S. Grant, then a captain in the army, was stationed in Oregon. The pioneers give many reminiscences of him. His life was commonplace and unnoticeable. He was a reticent, undemonstrative, unambitious officer, habitually addicted to whisky. How strange are the vagaries of destiny! How few men find the one place and opportunity for showing their highest capacity! But for the great rebellion, Grant had lived and died only to be remembered as an ordinary, silent, honest and intemperate captain of moderate abilities. But for the national contest about the extension of slavery, Abraham Lincoln had been known only as a country lawyer, with unusual capacity for convincing juries, and telling droll, "pat" stories.

On the Columbia river, a little log block-house is still pointed out, where, in 1856, Indians besieged a party of white men for two days. They were finally

routed by the dashing charge of a few regulars, under a modest young lieutenant of the United States Army, whose name was Phil. Sheridan. His ride to that beleaguered fort was quite as stirring as that eight years later from "Winchester town," which turned the tide of battle, and added to his matured fame as one of the world's great generals. He still owns a farm in Oregon, where the people regard him with warmest enthusiasm. Here, at the outbreak of the rebellion, he assured a friend that, before the civil war was ended, he would win a captain's commission, or die in the attempt! Lincoln thought it would fill the measure of his wildest ambition to be made Vice-President! Grant only aspired to the city council of Galena, that he might have a new sidewalk from the dépôt! Sheridan only hoped to become captain of a company!

"How little do we know of what we are,
How less, of what we may be!"

The Pacific coast is the school from which our best officers graduated. Here Sherman lived for years. Here Jo Hooker, when a captain, constructed a military road, over which our coach rolls to-day. It passes Leland post-office, Josephine County, on Grave Creek—all commemorating Josephine Leland, a beautiful girl, who died of fever, and whose body Indians disinterred and mutilated. Seven of the savage criminals were afterward killed and buried near the outraged grave. Another stream is called "Jump-off-Jo Creek." During the Indian war of 1854, General Jo Lane was pursued by a red foe in a ride for life; when his men shouting, "Jump off, Jo!" he obeyed, and was saved. Among these mountains we find one farm of three thousand acres, upon which Jesse Applegate, an old and entertaining pioneer, subsists one hundred cattle and one thousand sheep. He has sold eight thousand dollars' worth of beeves in a single year. His rick contains one hundred and twenty tons of hay, already kept three years, for his sheep, through winters so mild as not to require it.

At last we descend from mountain summits into the great Willamette Valley, fifty miles by one hundred—the garden of Oregon—and containing one-half of its entire population. To one coming from the dreary deserts of Nevada, or California fields, dull and withered in the rainless months, very delightful are its deep forests, rich meadows, and green fields with groves of drooping oaks—its pleasant homes, embowered and shaded—its shining river, darkly fringed with slender pines. Excepting, possibly, the Choctaw Territory, south of Kansas, it is the richest farming region of the United States; though the fathomless mud and endless rain of the winters are serious drawbacks.

Oregon is prolific in grain, grass, fruit and timber. As in all new countries, the bountifulness of nature is most strikingly exhibited in human life. Old communities are full, and children comparatively rare. New countries must be peopled, and children abound. About the log houses, everywhere on our frontier, from six to a dozen white-headed babies attest the fact. Oregon is specially blest. A Marion County lady, at sixty years of age, became the mother of an infant. Another had two children born within ten months. The old United States law, regulating the public lands in this State, gave three hundred and twenty acres to an unmarried settler, and six hundred and forty to him who had a wife. As the young territory had five times more men than women, girls married very young, and some became mothers at thirteen and fourteen.

Salem, the pleasant capitol of the State, is a village of two thousand people, on the Willamette. Here we take a little steamer for Oregon City, where we debark to ride a mile upon a wooden railroad, past rugged, picturesque falls, with eternal clouds of mist winding across the broad river. The shining silver water contrasts impressively with the deep gloom of environing rocks and somber, pine-clad hills. Near the Falls is a great brick woolen factory, the fourth in the State. The making of woolen goods is further advanced, both in California and Oregon, than any other

manufacture. Only blankets and cloths of the highest character are turned out to meet the universal demand of the Pacific coast, for the best of every thing, regardless of expense.

Below the cascade a second steamer waits to bear us a few miles further to Portland, the metropolis of Oregon. Many attempts have been made to found a city at the mouth of the Columbia, which seems to be the natural point for the metropolis of the future. But those mysterious, inexorable, climatic, commercial and geographical laws which govern the building of cities and states, vetoed the resolution and established the coming town on the Willamette, twelve miles above its junction with the Columbia and a hundred and thirty above the Columbia's mouth.

Portland is a pleasant, straggling, growing city of five thousand people, on the smooth, glassy transparent river, broken just above by a mid-channel island, of vivid, drooping foliage. The town is inclosed on the three land sides by an amphitheater of symmetric hills, covered with tall, dark pines. At the great wharves are river steamboats, sailing vessels from San Francisco, Sandwich Islands, China and the Atlantic coast; and ocean steamers, which ply to Vancouver Island and to San Francisco. The lower business streets contain ample brick blocks. Further back are graceful churches, school-houses and spacious frame dwellings, grading off into an irregular fringe of little cottages and rough cabins, scattered far up among hill-side stumps.

The bustling town has a heavy trade, and is full of thrift and enterprise. It was founded in 1845, by two wandering Yankees, Prettigrow, from Portland, and Lovejoy, from Boston. Each desired to give it the name of his birthplace; and they finally decided the vexed question by tossing up the only coin in their possession—a rusty copper. Heads won; wherefore the metropolis of the North Pacific is Portland, not Boston!

The first settlers of Oregon crossed the continent, through the South Pass, in 1839, nearly ten years before the gold discoveries in California. They were stimulated by the richness and beauty of Willamette Valley, whose fame had penetrated even to Missouri and Ohio, and by our National tendency to go to the furthest place. Though less intelligent than most pioneers, they give the best illustration in American history of American capacity for self-government. In that remote region, then as far from civilization as the mouth of the Nile is now, they found themselves surrounded by hostile Indians, with no law for the protection of life and property, and no hope of aid from without. The squatters met the emergency by establishing a Provisional Government, which ruled Oregon for eight years. Unrecognized by the United States, without any technical legality, they framed a constitution, elected legislators, organized courts, imposed and collected taxes, coined money, carried on war and made peace with the Indians, until 1849, when Congress gave them a territorial organization. It was a splendid example of our national respect for the power and sanctity of the ballot-box and the jury-box.

A few specimens of the early money, the "Beaver Coin," are still in existence. The little specie brought from the States was inadequate for the business of the young community, and in the absence of money, wheat circulated, a cumbersome legal tender, at one dollar per bushel. In this extremity, dies were prepared by a blacksmith, and the beaver money made of gold dug from the surrounding mountains. It was worth its face at the United States mints. Upon one side the coin bears the inscription, "Oregon Exchange Company. 130 gr. Native Gold, 5 D." On the other a rude effigy of the beaver—the characteristic animal of Oregon—a sprig of vine, the date, 1849,

THE OLD OREGON BEAVER COIN.

and the initials of the pioneers who originated it.

At the mouth of the Columbia, Indians still exhibit medals, left, in 1804, by Lewis and Clark, sent on their exploring tour by the wisdom and far-reaching sagacity of Thomas Jefferson. It is claimed that the Spaniards were the original discoverers of the great river; but the first American knowledge of it was through Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, who entered the mouth of the unknown beautiful stream in 1792, and named it from his ship, *Columbia Redivira*, the first keel which had ever cut its waters. He sailed up eighteen miles, and coming down, met Vancouver, the explorer, who ascended one hundred miles from the mouth to the present town of Vancouver.

The Louisiana Purchase, in 1803, embraced the entire country, except Mexico, between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Lewis and Clark were sent out to prospect the new domain. They started from the then little French village of St. Louis, laboriously ascending the Missouri to its sources in the Rocky Mountains, crossed the range by a difficult pass, and reaching the head of the Columbia, followed it to the ocean. It was a daring journey, full of adventure and romance, over the untrodden continent, through hundreds of savage nations. It was an epic of exploration—a modern Argonautic expedition in pursuit of the Golden Fleece of the future. The little band were scouts of the grand army for the conquest of a hemisphere—the army of civilization and freedom.

The earliest white settlers were the Hudson Bay Company and Wyeth's Massachusetts Expedition. The Indians still call every American "a Boston," and all English "King George's men." Fort Vancouver was the British company's post. Every June, one of their ships arrived with a year's supply of goods—took away the year's accumulation of wheat to Sitka, selling it to the Russian Government for furs; carried the furs to China, and exchanged them for teas and silks; transported these to London, and then bringing another supply of goods around the Horn, again reached Vancouver, in June. Thus began the commerce of our Western coast, which, though still in its infancy, already whitens every sea.

The resources of Oregon are rich and varied. Abundant deposits of iron are found within fifteen miles of Portland. Some specimens assay sixty per cent. pure metal. Wood and coal are plentiful; and, doubtless, works will soon be erected for the reduction of the ore. The Pacific coast uses seventy tons of iron daily, but imports it all from the Atlantic coast, save the supply for Vancouver Island, which comes from Scotland. There are ten large foundries in San Francisco and one in Portland, which turn out every machine, from apothecaries' mortars of one stamp, to quartz mills of a hundred stamps (only the same principle upon a larger scale—huge pestles pounding by steam), from the simple pump to the first-class locomotive.

In addition to iron and gold, the State produces silver, copper, lead and marble, and exports wool, lumber, fish and fruit. Sheep-raising is the most lucrative pursuit. The lumber resources are varied and boundless. Red-wood—a species of cedar, often twelve feet in diameter—makes the best boards, which, in seasoning, shrink only lengthwise. The water-power is unsurpassed in the world. The apple grows in profusion. Essentially a northern fruit, its flavor here is far more pungent than in California. Oregon cider is famous on the entire Pacific coast, and much is shipped around the Horn, to New York and Boston. Grapes, peaches, plums, nectarines, apricots, and strawberries grow in the valleys. Fruit trees, at two years old, are twice as large as those of New York and Ohio, and the average yield of wheat to the acre is nearly fifty per cent. greater. Not more than one-tenth of the rich Willamette Valley is yet under cultivation.

Some Californians grow satirical upon their "Webfoot" neighbors, jesting at their slowness and lack of enterprise, averring that the wet climate has made them aquatic. The Oregonians

CASTLE ROCK.

retort by declaring that, if slow, they are solvent; that it is better to be cautious than to inaugurate enterprises beyond their means. Dr. Bellows noted the use of brown sugar in their tea; to which they pithily replied that their sugar was paid for, and that he could not charge them, as he did the Californians, with borrowing money at three per cent. a month to buy champagne with.

At one stage station, in a beautiful green valley, I encountered two girls, of sixteen and eighteen, with comely faces and neat attire. I asked one when her parents came to Oregon? She replied that it was before she could remember. What State did they come from? She had forgotten that also, if she ever knew, and her sister was equally ignorant. They probably hailed from Missouri, and were by no means fair specimens of Oregon intelligence.

The Columbia River—formerly the Oregon—is at some points a mile and a half across, though its average width is three-quarters of a mile. It is the only stream which cuts through the Sierra Nevadas. Clear, blue and glassy, it is dotted with little islands of greenest foliage, and broken by dangerous rapids. Beside it rise grand, abrupt mountains, deeply wooded with firs, crowned with stupendous rock, carpeted by yellow moss, girdled with strands of snowy cloud, and streaked with leaping waterfalls of perfect whiteness. It is grandeur and magnitude—by far the noblest river of our continent. The Hudson no more compares with it than does the Arkansas with the Hudson.

Above Portland, the boats of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company ply for five hundred miles. Some of the many rapids make the steamers shake like rocking-chairs. First-class, or "North River" boats, run up from Portland sixty miles to the Lower Cascades. They pass Cape Horn, a columnar wall of basaltic rock—the Palisades on a larger scale—seven hundred feet in hight. Over other vast upright rocks scores of little rills come tumbling down, often changing completely to spray, before reaching the bottom. Where the steep bank of velvet grass and pine-crowned rocks is one-third of a mile high, "Horse-tail Fall," softened by delicate mist, hangs like an exquisite strand of snowy hair, broken only once in a descent of three hundred and sixty feet—"a strip of silver in a

fringe of green." (See first illustration.)

Castle Rock, a solitary basaltic dome, surrounded by water, and quite isolated from the shore, rises grand and gloomy for eight hundred feet. Though it seems only naked rock, tall pines find root among its imperceptible fissures and on its bare summit.

At the Lower Cascades—impassable for boats—we debark, to ride upon a steam railway along the rugged bank for five miles, following the river in the chasm it has cut through the mountains. Then we take another steamer—built above the rapids, and elegantly furnished—for forty-five miles, to the flourishing town of Dalles, the third in the State. Here are the second impassable rapids, and the second railroad of fourteen miles, built at heavy expense, and accompanied by a telegraph wire. Here for ten miles are the Dalles (flagstones) of the Columbia, worthy of the prominence given them by Washington Irving, Lewis, and Clark, and other early writers, as the most noteworthy feature of all this curious region. The river, above and below, so broad and glassy, is here of fathomless depth, compressed into one-tenth its usual limits. At one point the channel is only one hundred and sixty feet wide, and even this narrow stream is broken by scores of dark-brown rocks. Boiling, swelling and hissing, the torrent rushes madly through its close, tortuous confines, lashing the smooth rocks in foamy passion—a river of eddies and troughs, whirlpools and shooting rockets of water, beating out its life against prison walls. On the shore, immense drifts of sand, white as New England snow-banks, prove most serious obstructions to the locomotive. In windy weather laborers are constantly shoveling them away.

On the flat shore-rocks are the bark lodges of Wascopen Indians; naked children, with stomachs distended like bladders, rolling and running in the sand; filthy, repulsive women, who seem hardly members of the human race, bearing bundles of faggots upon their heads; and men at the water's edge, spearing savory salmon, often weighing twenty-five pounds each.

From this point Bierstadt painted his great picture of Mount Hood. For nearly one hundred miles on the river we see it towering up grandly, with dark base and snowy scalp, though it is forty miles away at the nearest point. Last fall it was disturbed by several eruptions, simultaneously with the great earthquake at San Francisco. It is chiefest of a dozen isolated peaks rising from the backbone of the Cascade Range. Its hight is given as eighteen thousand feet above sea-level, and I think its bold, snowy summit has never been trodden by human feet.

It is believed that the great basin of the Upper Columbia, containing four hundred thousand square miles, was once a vast inland sea, broken only by a few islands which are now mountain peaks. If this theory be true, what measureless and resistless floods must have burst through the mountain-wall and rolled on to the mighty ocean! How the stupendous chasm of the present river, still bearing marks of that primeval convulsion, must have throbbed and overflowed with its restless burden!

Thus far we have sailed up a stream with deep forests of gloomy pines, firs and cedars—with no branches on the side next to the prevailing winds—covering the hills and cliffs. Here is classic ground; here—

> "The continuous woods,
> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save its own dashings."

But Bryant sung a past era. Now a tide of commerce and immigration pours through this remote solitude, and the surprised traveler finds railway carriages and steamers, with the same luxuriousness and elegance he is wont to enjoy between Boston and New York.

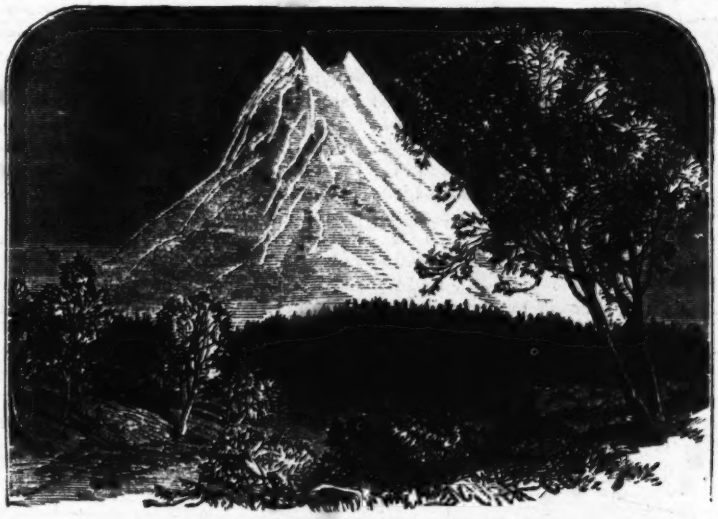
The railroad of fourteen miles, which carries passengers around the Dalles, ends at Celilo, consisting of a few dwellings on the river-bank, and a warehouse eleven hundred and thirty-five feet long—the largest in the United States—built for the Idaho freights. Celilo was the scene of a memorable incident in our

A MIDNIGHT RECEPTION.

summer journey. One evening, Messrs. Colfax and Bross, escorted by a delegation of hospitable Oregonians, addressed the assembled citizens of Dalles on public affairs. Four of us, belonging to the party, wearied with the excitement of travel, remained at Celilo, to spend a quiet evening upon the little steamer, which was to convey us further up the river the next morning. Just after we had gone to bed, the locomotive whistle announced the return of the company. As Mr. Colfax, through the entire journey, had been greeted with flags and speeches, banquets and brass bands, on every conceivable and inconceivable occasion, one of our quartette instantly suggested that he should enjoy the novelty of a reception from his own comrades. Attiring ourselves in sheets, we stepped into the dimly-lighted cabin and waited for the returning orators and listeners. They soon came on board, Mr. Colfax, fortunately, at their head. Reaching our end of the saloon, he was a good deal startled by four sepulchral waiting figures. Like the Ancient Mariner, almost he dreamed that he had died and was a blessed ghost. Here was apparently a committee of shades about to give him the last reception. One of the airy effigies stepping forward, immediately begun a speech of welcome, which at first bewildered and surprised the new-comers, but before its close, excited their uproarious laughter. The Speaker of the House of Representatives promptly recovered himself, and the moment it was ended, made a neat and graceful reply, abounding in happy hits at the friends who welcomed him. Mr. Colfax has been the victim of more speeches of welcome than any other public man in the nation; but he never assisted at any other ceremony as unique and memorable as this midnight reception among the forests of the Columbia River.

Above the Dalles the woods disappear; the banks are bare hills of soft, smooth velvet grass, without leaf or shrub in the whole range of vision. The entire country, watered by the Upper Columbia, embracing Eastern Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and a portion of Montana, is a dreary sand desert. But, like other similar wastes of the far West, it only requires irrigation to render it productive as the Valley of Nile.

Already steamers run three hundred miles above Dalles, to a point where



MOUNT RAINIER, FROM STEILACOOM, PUGET SOUND.

long rapids again obstruct the river. Even this is not the head of navigation; a little steamer has been built above to ply for a hundred and fifty miles on the Snake, the old Lewis Fork of the Columbia, in Idaho. The usual points of debarkation for Idaho are at Umatilla and Wallula, whence daily stages ply over the Blue Mountains to Boise City. Umatilla is the head of sure navigation on the Columbia. It might be connected with the head of certain navigation on the Missouri, by railroad of less than seven hundred miles. Much of the region through which the road would pass is excellent grazing land, abounding in nutritive wild grass, from twelve to eighteen inches high, and promising good agricultural capacity. Here should pass the Northern Pacific Railroad, which ought to be completed in season to establish the first steam communication across the American continent.

Passengers taking steamer from Portland down the Willamette for twelve miles, down the Columbia for thirty-eight, and up the Cowlitz for two, land at Monticello, in Washington Territory, the upper half of old Oregon. Thence to Olympia, the capitol, stage-wagons jolt them over rough corduroys, through profoundest mud, along the worst roads and among the grandest woods in the world. Here is the forest primeval, thick with slender pine, fir, hemlock, spruce, cedar and arbor vitæ, the trunks gloved in moss of orange-green, the branches hung with brown Spanish moss, the ground white, yellow, and purple with luxuriant flowers.

There are two or three rough villages, and a few farm-houses five or ten miles apart—grassy islands of prairie in the vast, somber, silent sea of forest. Slender firs, not more than eighteen inches in diameter at the base and straight as arrows, are from two to three hundred feet high, and some even taller.

Washington contains a population of about twenty thousand, engaged in farming and lumbering. Olympia, the seat of government, is a little village in the forest, on the most western elbow of Puget Sound, struggling hard with primeval Nature and aboriginal man. It boasts many neat little cottages, a lonely, white frame capitol, like a huge warehouse, and plank sidewalks among the stumps, standing upon posts to avoid mud and deluge.

Here we take steamer upon Puget Sound, the loveliest body of water in the western hemisphere. Spreading in a great complicated network of arms, straits and inlets, it has fourteen hundred miles of navigation, and affords to Washington more harbors than are possessed by any other region of equal area in the world. It is surrounded by solemn pine forests, sentineled by snowy mountains. Hundreds of islands dot its shining surface, while its clear depths are almost as transparent as the air. Some of the boldest mountains of the continent are here visible—Baker, Adams, St. Helen, and, more than any or all others, Mount Rainier, triple-pointed and robed in snow. Shasta is grand—Hood is grander; but, from this stand-point, Rainier is monarch of all—the Mont Blanc of the Pacific coast.

The Cascade Mountains, which cross Washington from north to south one hundred miles from the coast, with an average hight of six thousand feet, are a continuation of the Sierra Nevadas. Spurs of the Rocky Mountains are scattered in the eastern portion of the Territory.

The Indians are fish-eating tribes, with little intelligence or manhood, though the patient efforts of missionaries—especially Jesuits—have shown them capable of great improvement. They are often gathered on the shore of the beautiful sound, beside some quiet cove, and hard by the dwelling of a pioneer, in their favorite pursuit of gambling. They sit in groups, intently pursuing their *mamook-to-lo*—literally "to make, to bet"—but their general term for gambling of every description.

The illustration is from a photograph taken at Penn's cove, on the east side of Whidby's Island. The Indians are of the Skagit tribe. They have no objection to winning from each other, though they commonly select a champion to play against the representative of some neighboring tribe. Then comes their Derby-Day. They often bet every article they possess—money, guns, blankets, and even the shirts upon their backs—when the loser goes sadly home in a state of nature, as wild in woods the noble savage ran.

They seat themselves upon mats, and continue the contest until both sides are exhausted. They call the game *sla-hal*. It is played with ten disks of seringa

INDIAN GAMBLING SCENE ON PUGET SOUND.

wood, one being marked to distinguish it from the rest. Two, sitting opposite each other, are furnished with disks, as whist players with separate packs of cards. If they possess only one set, that does duty for both. Each also has a bundle of tow, made from the fibers of the inner bark of the Oregon cedar.

They play in turn, while their friends sit on either side of the mat, drumming upon a paddle, or piece of board, with sticks, and singing, in monotonous tone, a chant without particular meaning or words. Each player has five or ten pointed sticks or pegs for counters, as in cribbage. The one who, by lot or agreement, is to commence, rolls his ten disks in the tow, shuffling them as he does so, to avoid the prying glance of his antagonist. He then tears them apart, and holds them out for the latter to guess in which hand is held the marked disk.

If the opposing player guesses right, the first tosses him a counter, which he sticks in the ground, and it becomes his deal. If not, he pays, instead of receiving, the forfeit. When one party has won all the counters the contest is decided. The same game is played in California, with round sticks, four inches long, instead of disks. For this information my thanks are due to Messrs. George Gibbs and Elwood Evans, both

THE PATRIARCH SEATTLE.

long and honorably associated with Governmental affairs in Washington Territory.

The grand patriarch of all these Indians is Seattle, of the Dewamish tribe. A leading town upon the Sound bears his name. This father of his race, whose memory goes back to Vancouver and his expedition, looks like a connecting link between mummies and men. The stolid faces of these savages, like dead men, tell no tales. What can life mean to them? What are their joys and sorrows?—their fears, hopes and ambitions?

The lumber-trade of Puget Sound exceeds a million dollars annually. Every town upon its coast contains immense saw-mills. We glanced through one, upward of three hundred feet long, which turns out over a hundred thousand feet daily. Spars, superior to those of any foreign country, and other ship-lumber, are furnished to the entire Pacific coast, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, Australia, England and France. The Puget Sound fir is now the model mast all over the world. The fish interests of the sound and its great coal trade from Bellingham Bay, added to its lumber resources, make it the most important possession of the North Pacific.

At the north end of Puget Sound, we crossed the Straits of Fuca, named from Juan de Fuca, the first white man who ever saw Washington Territory. Though of Greek birth, he was sent in 1792, in charge of a Spanish vessel, to fortify a supposititious strait, lest the English should pass through it, from the Atlantic to the Pacific! The geography of his day was a good deal confused. North-west America is the home of old romance. Here ingenious scholars placed the Atlanta of Bacon. Here, that greatest of navigators and explorers—Captain Lemuel Gulliver—discovered the kingdom of Brobdignag.

Crossing the strait, we are in the British possessions upon Vancouver Island. Nominally, it is not embraced in the scope of these papers as it belongs to Great Britain and not to the United States

But it is our "manifest destiny" to absorb it sooner or later. Its population is about seven thousand—four-fifths in the city of Victoria. The recent growth of this little metropolis, is wholly due to the Frazer River gold-mines, whose traffic it has secured. Originally it was the dépôt of the Hudson Bay Company; the outlet of their trade from the Red River of the north and all points west of the head waters of the Mississippi.

Victoria is a pleasant, thriving city, well built of brick and stone. Its lively streets are crowded with English, Americans, Chinese and Indians. The savages wear the garb of civilization. Some of their women even displayed crinoline and other articles of feminine attire, as recent in fashion as the distance from New York and Paris will permit. Among the whites, I noticed that Yankees who have resided here five or six years, quite lose the thin, eager, cadaverous American physiognomy; and exhibit the full, florid face, fringed with mutton-chop whiskers, which is the English type the world over. Indeed, they look like born Britons. Is it the result of "half-and-half," climate, association or accident?

If any one doubts that the world is governed too much, let him study the parliament of this little island, which sits ten months in the year! The fifteen members of the Lower House are all elective. Of the seven members composing the Upper, three are named by the crown, and four, including the Colonial Secretary, Treasurer and Chief Justice, are *ex officio* members. In endurance, and doubtless in dignity, the body surpasses the British Parliament and the Congress of the United States.

Sir James Douglass, former Governor of the island, married an educated half-breed, and his children bear as strongly-marked Indian features as one sees in the lodges of the Potawattomies or the log-houses of the Cherokees. His hospitable mansion has the air and surroundings of an old civilization. During our July visit, his well-kept garden was full of the bloom of rose, dahlia, pink, vosburteum, verbena and California poppy, and the ripe fruitage of currrant and cherry. The flavor of the fruit is excellent. In California, horticulturists are already planting enormous vineyards, from which they expect to supply the middle and Atlantic States daily with fresh grapes, kept fresh, during transportation, by the new mode of preserving fruit.

The climate of Vancouver is about the same as New York, though it is much further north. Delicious fruits and flowers grow in abundance. It is characteristic, that while New York, with four millions of people, pays her Governor four thousand dollars a year, the executive of this island, whose population is only seven thousand, receives fifteen thousand dollars per annum. The English do these things better than we. Even in their remotest domains they have a just pride in tasteful and convenient public buildings, and in fairly remunerating their public officers. Their government-house in Victoria is an elegant edifice, of Swiss-German architecture; and that in New Westminster, British Columbia, the *ultima thule* of their possessions, is also imposing.

To the lover of nature and the lover of his country, our remote North-Western possessions are full of interest and of promise. I never felt the magnitude of our Union until in Washington Territory, forty-four hundred miles from home, I found not only the same language, but the same currency, the same flag, the same hopes, and fears, and sympathies, and precious memories which are cherished at other extremities of the vast continent. And when at a popular gathering in that primeval forest I saw all eyes wet at mention of our martyred President, and heard every voice cheer for our free and preserved republic, my heart swelled with pride and hope for that swarming potential America of the Future, whose name shall be precious to the weary and troubled of every zone, whose flag among the nations shall be the symbol of Stability and Progress, Liberty and Law, Opportunity for the lowliest, and Justice to men.

V.

MONTANA AND IDAHO.

FORT UNION—AS PAINTED UPON BED-TICKING, BY AN EMPLOYEE OF THE AMERICAN FUR COMPANY.

SINCE the passage of the Kansas Nebraska Act, in 1854, the great middle belt of States—Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California—has been woven into a perfect band, from the Missouri to the Pacific. Just north of it, the threads of the second belt—Dacotah, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington—begin to assume shape and texture. Another territory is in contemplation, to embrace portions of Montana, Dacotah, and Utah, under the proposed name of Wyoming. A bill, organizing it, passed the House of Representatives last year, but failed in the Senate. Wyoming is a good name; but one man in American history is commemorated by a future State, and another ought to be. We have the Territory of Washington—let us have the Territory of Lincoln.

Salt Lake City, Utah, is the metropolis and distributing point between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas. From it Virginia, capital of Montana, lies four hundred and seventy-five miles north; Boise, capital of Idaho, four hundred and fifty miles north-west. The road is like the letter Y. Eighty miles from Salt Lake it forks—the right stroke leading to Montana, and the left to Idaho. Both are traversed by mail-coaches.

For hours after leaving the City of the Saints, the traveler rides along the north bank of the Great Salt Lake—a

shining mirror, spotted with purple mountains of islands, and framed in pale, violet peaks, draped with gauzy clouds of purest white. He passes thrifty Mormon villages of dull brown adobe houses, with flourishing orchards, shading cottonwoods, and streets watered by little artificial streams. One of these, called Morrisville, was built by the fanatical followers of Morris, a prophet who out-Brighamed Brigham. Persuading them that the world, with all its people, except themselves, was about to be destroyed, he taught them to seize the cattle, horses and grain of their neighbors, upon the theory that the earth and the fruits thereof belonged to the chosen of the Lord.

But religion is a poor excuse for horse-stealing, and this was too much even for the Mormons. In a pitched battle, they defeated the schismatics—who fought bravely—lodged a bullet in the brain of the pretended prophet, killed several of his deluded followers, including women and children, and drove out the rest. The surviving Morrisites, escorted from the Territory by United States soldiers, settled in Montana, where they still reside. They asserted of their thieving, just as the Saints, from whom they were an offshoot, do of polygamy—that it was a part of their faith; and Brigham may learn a wholesome lesson from their fate. It is useless to fight the moral sentiment of the civilized world. Every relic of barbarism must succumb, sooner or later. The Mormons begin to comprehend this, for, like many religious communities in history, they combine extreme fanaticism of belief with the shrewdest and wisest common sense in practical affairs.

Leaving Utah, with its great basin, the passenger crosses over a low bare "divide," and is in Idaho, on waters running to the Pacific. The southern part of this young Territory juts far eastward, cutting off Montana from Utah. There are no dwellings, except low adobe stage-stations, with stacks of winter hay cut from the wild grass of the valleys.

The road passes through Port Neuf Cañon—thirty miles long—where twice the coach bringing gold-dust from Montana has been robbed. The most daring assault was committed one year ago. The stage was crowded with passengers, all armed to the teeth, and keeping vigilant watch—for a suspicious looking horseman, his face concealed by a slouching hat, had twice ridden past, staring into the vehicle. The cañon is narrow, with high walls and shrubbery along the little brook which threads it. In broad daylight, when all were riding with guns and revolvers cocked in their hands, seven men, with blackened faces, instantly rose up from the dense willows on each side, stopping the horses, and firing into the coach. At the same moment the passengers returned the fire, but their courage was useless. In stage-robberies, which occur frequently on the lonely roads leading out of our gold regions, persons are seldom able to defend themselves if they remain in the coach. By jumping out and scattering, they often succeed in driving away the robbers. On this occasion, one of the highwaymen was wounded, but escaped; four passengers were killed—one riddled with fifty bullets and buckshots. The robbers secured sixty thousand dollars in gold dust, climbed back out of the cañon to the sand-hills, where waiting confederates guarded their horses, and thus made good their escape. Singularly, none were ever caught, though the people of Montana searched vigorously for them, through all the border States and Territories.

Beyond, the road winds along the clear Snake River, the old Lewis Fork of the Columbia. The Indian name, Shoshonee, or Winding River, is far more fitting and musical than ours. This dim, crooked artery of the great desert's heart, fifteen hundred miles in length, rises from springs within half a mile of those forming the head-waters of the Missouri. It is the river of desolation. Unrelieved by forests or green banks for nearly the entire length, it is a natural ditch sunk in the sand—filled with clear water, and faintly fringed with scattering willows and cottonwoods.

Many smaller streams suddenly sink

A COACH ROBBERY IN POLT NEUF CANON.

into the earth, like the rivers of Damascus, and, running under ground for many miles, abruptly re-appear in their parched beds. The road crosses miles of sand, which the slow stage-mules and wheels plow a foot deep. On the eastern horizon, the Three Têtons (woman's breasts) —a unique spur of the Rocky Mountains —rise side by side, tall, slender and spire-like, suggesting the name, the Finger Mountains, which belongs to a group of Arizona peaks. The Indians call them the Three Pinnacles. Pleasant Valley Station is in a little grassy basin —a natural bowl, among the dark hills. Just beyond, climbing over the divide of the Rocky Mountains, one leaves the Pacific slope behind passing into Montana, among the tributaries of the Missouri.

The first important settlement is the city of Bannack, named from a tribe of Indians. It was the pioneer town of Montana, begun deep down in the gulch of Grasshopper Creek, inclosed by bare lofty mountains. The diggings yielded very richly, sometimes paying fifty dollars per day to the man; but, like most gulch mines, were soon exhausted. In flush times, the city had two thousand people; now, it has but a few hundred, and is a dreary succession of straggling, empty log-houses, overlooked by a huge gallows, which has outlived many tenants. But rich quartz-lodes, now opening hard by, will give it a new lease of life.

In mining regions, as elsewhere, history repeats itself. Bannack was the first town of Montana; but, when its gulch gave out, other sections were developed, and the people flocked to Virginia City, seventy miles beyond. That continues to flourish; but new settlements are springing up, among the rich mines of Helena and the Blackfoot region, which bid fair to eclipse it.

Virginia was settled in July, 1862, and has five thousand people, including Nevada City and Junction. Environed by mountain crests dotted with a few lonely cedars, it lies like a huge serpent—the head, Virginia—the tail, its two suburbs —a crooked, irregular strip of low log-houses, winding for nine miles down Alder Creek. Many of these cabins are deserted. The American miner is a

migratory animal, who will always leave five dollars per day for the possibility of twenty, especially when the new diggings are very remote and inaccessible. Alder Gulch has yielded many millions of dollars, and, for its length—thirteen miles—was probably the richest gold deposit ever found. Now, it is completely cut to pieces, honey-combed with shafts, ridged with ditches, and disemboweled with tunnels. A few miners are still washing the gold from the brown earth.

The heart of the town is within a hundred yards of the diggings. In flush times, it was a crowd of people, and a whirl of business. Streets were thronged, stores choked with a stream of commerce, sidewalks monopolized by irrepressible auctioneers, hoarsely crying horses, oxen, mules, wagons, and household goods. Drinking saloons, whose name was legion, were densely crowded. Theaters, which always spring up in mining regions, were closely packed. At the hotels, beds were hardly obtainable, for love or money. Gambling-halls were musical with clinking coin and shining with yellow gold. Hurdy-gurdy houses, with dancing-girls, music, and long bars, where whiskey was sold at fifty cents a drink, and champagne at twelve dollars per bottle, were filled with visitors, ranging from judges to blacklegs, in every costume, from broadcloth to buckskin. And all this, in a town less than one year old, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, a thousand miles from everywhere! For Montana is the most remote Territory of the United States, the furthest both from New York and San Francisco—the great cities of the future, which will yet contend for the mastery of the world.

Virginia, though less lively than of yore, still boasts heavy trade and bustling streets. The buildings are of logs, lumber, and granite, with wooden signs overhanging the plank sidewalks. Many citizens habitually wear revolvers at their belts.

Daily mail coaches ply north to Helena, one hundred and twenty-five miles, over mountain roads which were never worked, but have witnessed the best staging in the United States. In summer, coaches often run the whole distance—equal to one hundred and sixty miles of good roads—during daylight, and sometimes in fourteen hours. The route crosses the great Jefferson Fork of the Missouri, upon a log bridge two hundred feet in length, where shines the river, along a broad, beautiful valley, between mountains pine-covered and snow-clad.

We pass the log ranches of settlers, whose huge hay-stacks are waiting for winter, and whose fields are rich in ripening wheat and barley, or overgrown turnips and potatoes. Despite frost every month in the year, Montana has great agricultural capacity, and will one day support a large population. Small grains, root vegetables, and the hardy fruits, produce abundantly. It seems far north for barley and wheat; but in the British possessions—still higher latitude—the Hudson Bay Company has raised, successfully, every product of our North-western States. Some even believe that the true wheat-growing region of the continent lies north of the Upper Missouri. Farming will always be lucrative, because the transportation of supplies from "the States" costs from twelve to forty cents per pound.

In a deep cañon of the rugged mountain, is the junction of the Jefferson, Gallatin and [illegible]on, whose blended waters form the [illegible]uri. In Minnesota, one may cross the Mississippi by a wooden bridge, with only two spans. Here we can fling a pebble across the Missouri. Still higher up, among mountain springs, a member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition thanked God that he was able to stand astride of the largest river in the world. We enter White-tailed Deer Cañon, twenty miles long, with grand and startling scenery, ever shifting, like scenes in a theater. Immense granite boulders, some as large as a railway-car, lie upon and against each other, piled up in all positions, as if the gods had torn up and hurled vast rocks in deadly battle. Some walls of the gorge are gray rock, others clothed in firs and pines of dark green and purplish brown,

mottled with yellow cotton-woods. Looking back through the cañon's mouth, I have seen snowy mountains glorified by the dying sun, like battlements of the Celestial City. Through the opposite gateway, some peaks were obscured by slabs of leaden clouds, dark and sullen, bridging the gulfs between them; others, scarred and gashed, were robed in drapery, white as milk and soft as down—a fleece more inviting than that for which Jason and the Argonauts traversed the world.

Whirling along slippery banks and sidling roads, and passing a spring ten inches in diameter, which gushes, boiling hot, from the hill-side, we reach Helena, less than two years old, with a population of nearly five thousand. Its two principal streets are in the form of a cross. It is made up of rough log-houses, and spacious, barn-like frame buildings, and pleasant cottages with latticed verandas. It is the supply-point for the placer mines of the Blackfoot country and other portions of Northern Montana, embracing some of the richest diggings in the world. I have never been in any region where gold-dust in the hands of working miners circulated so freely and in so large quantities. Several nuggets, worth from two to four thousand dollars, have been taken out, and single claims have produced one thousand dollars per day. These are rare, exceptional cases; but Montana is doubtless the richest placer-mining region ever discovered in the United States, and its quartz veins promise better than those of any other State or Territory. This year's immigration has been enormous, both from the East and from the Pacific coast. The most rapid and impressive changes are going on. Before advancing civilization, even brutal, stolid, savage faces light up with surprise and bewilderment at the new era opening to their vision:

"Behind the squaw's light birch canoe
The steamer rocks and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be—
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

"The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is sounding into form."

Soon Montana will ask admission to the Union as a sovereign State. At present, nominally, it is ruled by a Territorial Governor, Legislature and Courts, but actually by the "Vigilantes," a secret tribunal of citizens, organized before civil laws were framed, when robberies and cold-blooded murders were of daily occurrence. The highwaymen were called "Road Agents," from their assumed authority over the stage roads and stage companies, transcending that of the superintendents themselves. Coaches and private conveyances were stopped by "Road Agents," with cocked guns, compelling passengers to hold up their hands lest they should grasp weapons, while their persons and vehicle were rifled. He who resisted was killed on the spot. An immigrant, who had shot a grouse near the road, ran to pick it up, and found that it had fallen upon the corpse of one of these victims, lying among the sage-brush. In a Virginia barber-shop, revolvers were drawn, one man was shot dead and another wounded; but such affairs were so common, that the barber did not even stop lathering his patron's face, nor did the patron leave his chair. After a hundred homicides, the Vigilantes organized, captured, tried and executed twenty-four of the leading desperadoes, and banished many others. Upon the great gallows, which now overlooks Bannack City, they hung even the county sheriff, who built it, and one of his deputies, on well-established charges of robbery and murder. Two or three days before I visited Helena, the people awoke one morning to find a notorious reprobate hanging dead from a tree limb, and labeled "Murderer." It was a sharp warning to the surviving cut-throats.

Every new State, in its early history, attracts thieves and murderers, and, sooner or later, purges itself through the swift, terrible vengeance of Lynch-law

WARNING TO DESPERADOES.

I do not learn that these "Vigilantes" ever executed any man of whose guilt there was reasonable doubt, and they have rendered life and property comparatively safe. But only the most imperious, direful necessity can justify, even for a brief period, this irregular and dangerous administration of justice. In California, a miner gave a good illustration of the general sentiment of the frontier. When he was called up as juror in a murder case, the judge asked him the usual question.

"Have you any conscientious scruples about capital punishment?"

He responded:

"I have, *in all cases when it is not administered by a Vigilance Committee!*"

In summer, the mails bring letters from New York to Montana in twenty-two days. During winter snows, the time is indefinite. About half the freight of the Territory is brought up the Missouri, from St. Louis to Fort Benton, the nominal head of navigation, twenty miles below the Great Falls, one hundred and forty miles from Helena, and two hundred and sixty-five from Virginia. None but boats of light draft can reach Fort Benton, save upon the spring floods. The river trip from St. Louis consumes from thirty-five to seventy days. The summer boats stop at Fort Union, four hundred miles lower, near the mouth of the Yellowstone. This old trading-post is well known to the trappers and merchants of the early days. It stands on the bank of the clear river—a stockaded fort with two towers at opposite corners, the United States flag flying, Indian lodges in the rear, little cotton-wood groves in ravines on either side, and light *batteaux* upon the shining stream in front. I am indebted to Major Culbertson, an old Indian trader, for a view of the fort in its palmy days, painted upon bed-ticking, by an unskilled employée of the American Fur Company, with such brushes and colors as he could obtain in a wilderness. This unique work of art—in some respects more meritorious than many pretentious paintings—is reproduced upon the first page of the present paper, as faithfully as photography, engraving and printing can copy it.

The Great Falls of the Missouri, twenty-five hundred miles above Saint Louis, and forty above Fort Benton, which have been seen by few tourists, are bold and striking. In thirteen miles of cascades and rapids, the total fall is three hundred and eighty feet. The Upper Cataract, forty feet high, extending across the river like a slightly bent bow, is picturesque and beautiful. Among the rapids below are several smaller falls, of from one to five yards, while the banks on either side form a deep, narrow gorge, one thousand feet below the general level of the bare plains. These tremendous walls of yellow sand-stone give peculiar grandeur and impressiveness to the wild, rocky, rugged scene. The lower or Great Falls, are eighty-four feet. The stream is nearly one-third of a mile wide. The southern half leaps in a perfect sheet over sand-stone rocks. The northern half, broken and perturbed, descends into the basin at its feet, a series and labyrinth of rapids and chutes. On the southern side, the sand-stone presents a sharp face; on the northern, it is worn into plateaus and

GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI, TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED MILES ABOVE ST. LOUIS.

benches. A projecting point of rock affords the best view. The thunder of the falling water, veiled in snowy foam, the bold, wild banks, the dazzling rainbows, and the immense volume of water, will make the spot a favorite one for tourists in all coming time.

Rich beds of coal—the "portable climate" of our civilization—exist on the Upper Missouri. The gap from the head of navigation here, to its head on the Columbia, should soon be filled by railway. According to Captain Mullan's survey, the distance from Fort Benton to Wallula, Washington Territory, regularly reached by all steamers on the Columbia, is less than six hundred and fifty miles, through a region which, opened by railroad, would sustain a large farming population.

Montana is the young daughter of a young mother—the child of Colorado. Thence came most of the pioneer settlers. Among the later immigrants, every new State and Territory is represented, for frontier life, once known, inspires restlessness, like the shirt of Nessus. A large majority of the inhabitants are Missourians, at whose expense the settlers of eastern origin relate many droll stories. In a street discussion, a lounger was defending, as correct, the rural southern phrases—"We 'uns" and "You 'uns." One of the by-standers asked him:

"Are you a grammarian?"

"Which?" was his bewildered inquiry.

"Are you a grammarian?"

"Why, no. I'm a Missourian!"

It was a distinction *with* a difference. But the fun is not all on one side. During the early Kansas troubles, the Missourians posted a guard at the ferry on the great river, and, whenever an immigrant sought to cross into the new, convulsed Territory, asked him to say "cow." If he pronounced it, "keow," he was voted a Yankee, and, like Moore's disconsolate Peri outside the gate, was not permitted to enter the desired paradise.

I remember an old Missourian on the borders of the Indian Territory, who was brought in contact with many eastern men, by the establishment of a new stage line through his neighborhood. Said he:

"I've lived on the frontier all my life. I know English and the sign-language, and have picked up a smattering of French, Spanish, Choctaw and Delaware; but one language I can't understand, and that is this infernal New York language!"

The phrases of some of the miners are original and suggestive. They call the fine particles of gold in the earth "the color." One of them remarked of a man tried in various positions and found utterly worthless:

"I have panned him out, clear down to the bed-rock, but I can't even raise the color."

The quartz-mining of Montana, which has but just begun, gives rare promise for the future. Gold and silver, whether found in the rock or the decomposed earth, are genii more potent than those of Oriental fable. When they wave their wands, palaces spring up in the wilderness, and cities among the mountain-tops. The stream is imprisoned by the dam, and vexed with the wheel; fruitful farms are wrested from the lonely valleys; shining treasures torn from the disemboweled mountains; newspapers and telegraphs abolish time and diminish space; the beaver must dive quickly to avoid the plowing steamer; and buffalo and Indian run their fleetest to keep out of the way of the locomotive.

Montana is eight hundred miles from east to west, by nearly three hundred from north to south. It is a mountain territory, containing five large basins—four on the Atlantic slope, one on the Pacific—and numberless smaller valleys. While snow is several feet deep upon the mountains, cattle are growing fat among the green bunch-grass of the valleys, less than a thousand feet lower.

"My father's empire," said Cyrus to Xenophon, "is so large, that people perish with cold at one end, while they suffocate with heat at the other." But here one may find summer and winter, blooming flowers and deep snow, less than a mile apart. Sometimes the mantle of winter half covers even the hardy grass of the valleys. Then cattle still subsist upon the protruding tops. Horses and antelopes paw up the snow, to find the hidden food; but if the snow is too deep, they live upon the bark of cottonwood. Copper and iron are plentiful, and agates, amethysts, rubies and garnets, all abound.

My return from Helena to Virginia was in October, but the weather was intensely cold, with snow-drifts obstructing the track, and turning the pine trees into exquisite white coral. Driving stages upon these bleak, dangerous mountain roads is an ill-paid and unattractive pursuit; yet, like journalism and sea-faring, once tasted, its fascination seems irresistible. The driver is always a character, often entertaining and witty, and no respecter of persons. There is a story of one, with a clergyman on the box beside him, who swore long and loud at his balking horses.

"My friend," expostulated the preacher, "don't swear so. Remember Job—*he* was severely tried, but never lost his patience."

"Job! Job!" pondered Jehu—"what line did he drive for?"

Once, with the Governor of a Territory, I spent a night at a lonely desert station. His Excellency asked permission to sleep on the driver's bunk.

"Certainly," was the unabashed reply, "that is if you haven't any graybacks about you!"

But I wander from my winter journey. One morning I took a little excursion which was not down in the programme. We were upon a sidling mountain road, coated with ice buried under two feet of light snow. Our six horses were upon the full run, to take the coach over before it should slide down the hill. Suddenly one wheel struck a hidden rock. The vehicle narrowly escaped capsizing, and I did not escape being pitched from the driver's box. I was wrapped in blankets and buffalo-robes, which fortunately slipped off without entangling my feet. I was projected fully twenty-five feet through the air, describing a section of a circle. As John Phœnix used to say, that was the only description of the affair I should ever have been able to give, but for the friendly snow-bank, which cushioned the ledge of rock upon which I alighted head foremost. The driver seemed to enjoy the joke, until ten minutes later when a similar rock upon his side sent him flying against the brake-handle, where he hung, like Mohamed's coffin, until he found his lost legs and abandoned seat. Serious, and sometimes fatal accidents, occur in winter upon these unworked roads.

Regretfully I left Montana—youngest and least developed, but richest and

THE AUTHOR STARTS UPON A LITTLE EXCURSION.

fairest of all our Territories. In scenery, farming-land, timber, water, precious and base metals—in all the native elements of a powerful and prosperous State, she is full of richness and of promise. Beautiful upon the mountain-tops are her rugged hills, somber with pines and firs, and her green slopes glad with streams and flowers.

Returning to Bear River, eighty miles north of Salt Lake City, I took the left stroke of the Y for Idaho.

The Great Salt Lake stretched blue and shining at our left, our road running near its west end, one hundred and forty miles from the City of the Saints. Idaho is barest and most desolate of all our Territories, with vast, rolling wastes of lava, sand, and sage-brush. But Nature is full of compensations. Its lack in agriculture is more than counterbalanced by its richness in minerals, though the surface does not reveal them. Here, as in the divine comedy of Dante, "not green but brown the foliage." Yet earth is beautiful, even in her desolation. This delicate, nutritive bunch-grass, requiring no rain, keeps the stage-horses fat, and often subsists great herds driven hither to escape the droughts of California. This is the world's pasturage. Hundreds of valleys await the tinkling sheep-bells—cattle shall browse upon a thousand hills.

Among these dreary wastes we encountered few travelers and no settlers, save at the stage-stations, built of lava blocks, with walls pierced with holes, for muskets and revolvers, in Indian warfare.

I had heard much of the Great Falls of the Snake River, but was unable to find any white man who had seen them. They are only six miles from the stage-road, two hundred and sixty-five miles from Salt Lake, and one hundred and eighty-five miles from Boise City. Hostile Indians had hitherto rendered it unsafe to visit them; but the lieutenant in charge of a detachment of Oregon soldiers, encamped at the station, became my guide, philosopher, and friend.

At three o'clock in the morning we started for the Falls, which the Indians

call *Pah-chu-lak-a*—Gift of the Great Spirit. Probably our vehicle was the first that ever approached it. The tall sage-brush, crushed by our slow wheels, loaded the air with heavy perfume. Through the dim dawn, we were guided by the everlasting pillar of cloud, rising from the troubled waters, six miles away, and soon we heard faintly the eternal roar of the cataract.

And here we witnessed a wonder of the heavens, quite as memorable as the Fall itself. In many years of roaming over mountain and desert, I had often seen striking mirages; but now, one was revealed to me, as far surpassing all I had beheld or dreamed of as the auroral splendors of the Northern sky surpass the clouds of a summer day. The sun had not risen, and the morning horizon was of dim amethyst. Suddenly there was born in the eastern sky an ocean of gold, glowing and blazing; then at its left, a sea of silver, and then, still further, a lake of steel—all broken by rich brown islands. One of these celestial islands was symmetric and dark, recalling Fort Sumter; another, a black monitor anchored near it.

The three bodies of water, bounded by purple shores, and occupying nearly one quarter of the horizon, were as distinct and well-defined as a pine-tree, or a wall rock. While we gazed in wonder, a horizontal shaft of blue, in fragments, but on a perfect level, slowly extended across them — a broken bridge with piers and arches, like the Bridge of Life in the immortal allegory of Addison.

Suddenly the sky warmed to saffron, as the great round face of the sun glowed between two sentinel mountains of purple, the Gateways of the Day.

Then the wonderful celestial architecture which had been in view—constantly changing in form and color—for nearly half an hour, disappeared like a vapor. Ah! could it have been perpetuated. But who can paint the mountains, the seas or the skies? If Bierstadt or Church were to reproduce on canvas this miracle of the heavens, I believe every art critic in the United States would say: "It is utterly impossible—no living man ever looked upon such skies!" He who sees truly will be more place limits upon the wonders of

THE CATARACT OF SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO.

the universe, than upon the Divine love, which pervades and suffuses it. In nature, as in human life, nothing is impossible.

The roar grew loud as we approached; yet we could not see the river, for it runs through a winding chasm, hundreds of feet below the surface of the plain. But we could detect its mist, with violet tinge of rainbow, and hear its thundering voice. At last we alighted on a broken floor of brown lava, descended the precipice for three hundred feet, by a natural rock stairway, walked a few hundred yards across a terrace of grass, lava and cedars, and stood upon a second precipice.

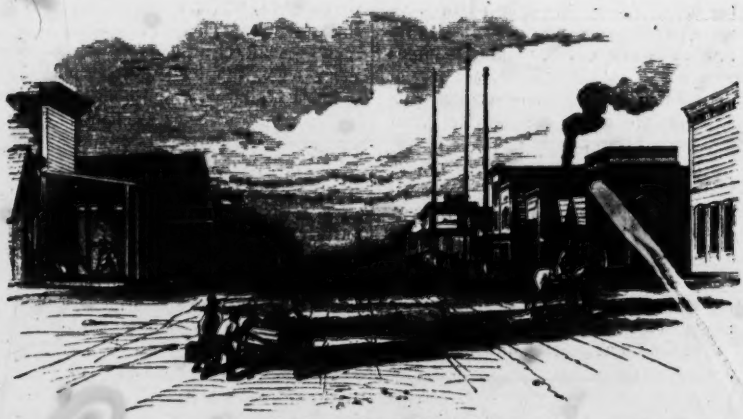
Peering over the edge, five hundred feet beneath us we saw the river, after its terrific leap, peaceful and placid as a mirror. Half a mile above, in full view, was the cataract. It is unequaled in the world, save by Niagara, of which it vividly reminded us. It is not all hight, like Yosemite, nor all breadth and power, like the Great Falls of the Missouri, nor all strength and volume, like Niagara, but combines the three elements. Like most cataracts, it has the horse-shoe form and the undying rainbow. The volume of water is less than at Niagara, for its crescent summit is only eight hundred feet wide. But the descent—two hundred feet—is one-third greater, while above the brink, solemn portals of lava, rising for hundreds of feet on each bank, supply an element of grandeur which the monarch of cataracts altogether lacks. One of these lava columns is crowned with an eagle's nest. Below the Fall, over the cañon side, shriveled cedars cling to the rock, with roots like claws. Upon the withered branch of one perched a white-tailed magpie, while upon another, statuesque and motionless, was an enormous raven, black as jet.

Below the Fall I could find no place where I dared attempt to descend the almost unbroken wall to the water's edge. But just below the brink, I crept out to the edge of the projecting rock. Clinging to a hardy cedar, I saw the peaceful waters two hundred and fifty feet below me. Above, the surface of the stream is broken into five channels by little islands. Thence I saw the river gliding swift, clear and smooth to the dizzy edge, the long plunge and the Witch's Cauldron, which boiled beneath, under wafting clouds of spray. The Fall itself is of purest white, interspersed with myriads of glittering glassy drops; a cataract of snow with an avalanche of jewels. Mocking and belittling all earthly splendor, Nature is here in her lace and pearls, her robe of diamonds and tiara of rainbow.

The world — how far away it seemed, and God — how near! Under the deafening roar, how the solid earth quailed and vibrated! How deep the chasm from which rose the pearly mist, hiding forever from human eyes the secrets of its troubled heart! Long I lay upon the rock-shelf, gazing over the brink, riveted by the absorbing fascination of that profound and tempting gulf. How easy, by one leap, to leave behind all earthly cares and griefs —to solve the solemn mysteries of death; perchance to join the loved and lost, who wait us in the life beyond!

Returning to the stage road, we continued our journey. At sunset came another mirage—this time in the west—where lakes of gold, in their clear depths, reflected mountains of cloud — "seas of glass mingled with fire." When these faded, the actual mountains in the north were *lapis lazuli*, but the clouds beyond and above mirrored them as mountains of marble and sapphire.

After dark, by a rope ferry, twenty miles below the Great Fall, we crossed the Snake River. Here, its chasm is three hundred feet deep, and the stream is reached by precipitous roads. There are several other considerable falls and rapids within forty miles. At the log station, half a mile from the river, we walked out by moonlight, to view a dark gorge, shut in by basaltic walls, three hundred feet high. From one of these, fifty feet above the ground, gush twenty springs, varying in size from a man's arm to a flour-barrel. All lashed into silver spray, they leap down jutting rocks, at whose base they merge into one,



BOISE CITY, IDAHO.

forming a stream, one hundred feet wide, which discharges into the Shoshonee. This wonderful spring, which has not even a name, is supposed to be the resurrection and new life of the Mahlad River, which died and was buried in the desert, sixty miles away. I know of no equal or parallel for it. To see it was a fit ending for a day which will always linger in my memory as revealing more glories of the heavens and wonders of the earth, than any other in my life.

The capital, commercial metropolis and geographical center of Idaho, is Boise City. Standing on a level plain, it is a trading, not a mining city. Its broad, level, treeless avenues, with their low, white-verandahed warehouses, log cabins, new, neat cottages and ever-shifting panorama of wagons and coaches, Indians, miners, farmers and speculators remind one of a prairie-town in Kansas or Iowa. It is overlooked by Fort Boise, which has a noble parade-ground, surrounded by tasteful buildings of sandstone, and is the most beautiful of all our frontier posts, except Fort Davis, in Texas.

Boise was made the capital, after a violent conflict. The Legislature, with the Governor's approval, removed the seat of government here from Lewiston, on the extreme western border of the Territory. The Lewistonians declared this illegal, armed and drilled for forcible resistance, and vowed they would never submit without bloodshed. Nevertheless, the law was carried out; and the strife added another to the long list of bloodless wars which have convulsed the early days of all the Territories.

Though settled only three or four years, Idaho has already produced much gold and silver, her yield for 1865 being about eight millions of dollars. Considerable of this was placer-gold, though the diggings are becoming exhausted and the chief attention is now turned to quartz-mining. More mills are already in operation than in any other State or Territory except California and Nevada. There are a number of rich districts; but Owyhee, seventy miles south of Boise, takes the lead, containing the richest and most numerous lodes of gold and silver-bearing rock ever found in the same area.

Its trading-point is a straggling strip of town five or six miles long, far up among the mountains, called Boonville at one end, Silver City at the other, and Ruby City in the middle. It is reached in one day from Boise, by a ride over dreariest deserts; often at considerable peril—for the Indians are so hostile that travelers are attacked on the most frequented thoroughfares. The savages are bolder here than in any other State or

Territory. More than once they have fought an equal number of white men, without any special advantage—something unequaled in Indian warfare. They have even dashed into a Government fort and carried off horses and mules under the very eyes of the garrison.

Boonville, the pioneer settlement in the deep woods—consists of a dozen deserted frame and log buildings, the gulch between them torn and gashed with ditches, where early miners used to work, with their guns and revolvers lying on the bank beside them, in readiness to resist the Indians. Two miles above is Ruby City, heart of the Owyhee district, and only six miles from the line of Oregon. It is a disorderly collection of buildings, on a wooded hill-side, sloping down to Jordan Creek. Hidden in the winding valley are large quartz-mills—the cause, the support, the very life of the settlement. Ruby lies near the bottom of a deep cañon. It is overlooked by the summits of several mountains, from six hundred to two thousand feet above the town. Some are bare rock, gashed with gorges and pointed with turrets—the rest, greensward dotted with pines, and in fall and winter covered with snow.

War Eagle is king of all these mountains—its summit five thousand feet above the sea, and two thousand above Ruby City. It is the richest and most wonderful deposit of quartz yet discovered in the United States—even eclipsing the famed Comstock Lode of Nevada. In this mountain—only five miles in diameter at the base, more than one hundred lodes have been claimed, staked and recorded, and a large number of them fairly demonstrated to contain the rich silver-bearing rock. War Eagle Mountain alone will doubtless add twenty millions of dollars to the treasure of the world. The large quartz-mills are erected and owned chiefly by New York companies. The oldest—the Morning Star Mill—cost seventy thousand dollars; and during its first forty-two working days yielded ninety thousand dollars in bullion.

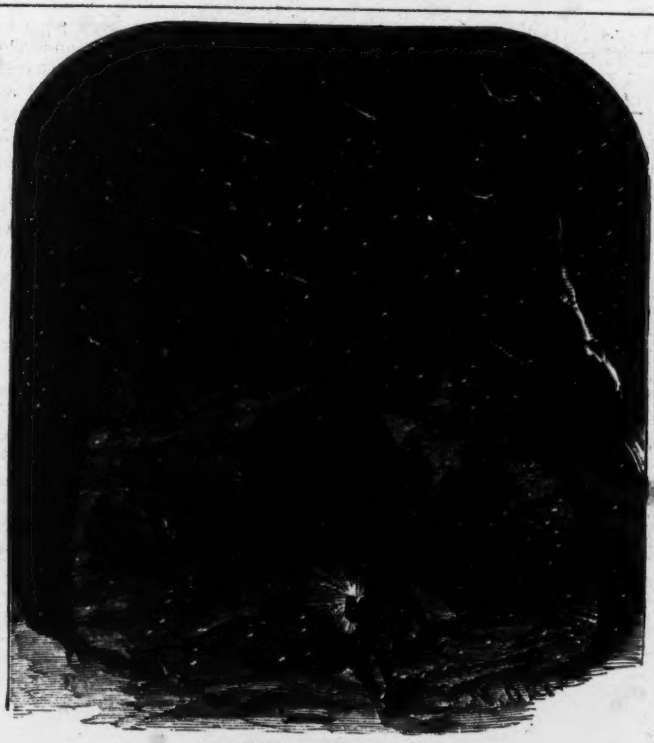
It has two mines, the Oro Fino and Morning Star, which have proved exceedingly rich. Many other undeveloped lodes in the vicinity promise equally well. The ore is very soft, and easily reduced. Swift and simple appears the process which transforms the dull, worthless-looking rock into glowing gold or shining silver; yet by what tedious toil, consummate skill and endless experimenting was this rare alchemy achieved; through what weary waitings and divine patience was this philosopher's stone discovered!

A great mining city will soon spring up in this new and interesting region. The district labors under greatest disadvantages, owing to the high price of transportation, as freights from San Francisco have sometimes cost sixty-five cents *per pound*, in coin. But the Central Pacific Railroad will soon diminish this expense. Idaho—worthy of her name, "The Shining Mountains"—will prove one of the most productive and valuable States of the Union.

In addition to the stage-route to Salt Lake, there is a road to Virginia, Nevada, which will become the leading thoroughfare. Last year the chief outlet was over the Blue Mountains, to Umatilla, Oregon, head of certain navigation on Columbia River.

It was my fortune to make the trip in winter, while rain and snow fell daily, and the soft, muddy roads were almost navigable. In the deep solitudes of the mountains, whose grand sweeps revealed great expanses of yellow pines, our horses wallowed, and the coach rolled like a ship in the trough of the sea.

Traveling after nightfall was difficult and dangerous. The route was lined with vehicular wrecks—wagons broken and mired, and animals dead or exhausted by their impossible tasks. One evening, our road was blocked by an emigrant, his horses hopelessly down in the mud, and his wife and three little children sitting forlorn upon a snow-bank, half-covered with the fast-falling flakes. Two of the children were crying, and the group formed a picture of dreariness and despair. We rolled the



MIRED IN THE MOUNTAINS.

horses three or four times over, down the hill-side, till they again found their legs; and our driver hitched his own team to the stranded wagon and hauled it out of the quagmire. Then, taking the woman and babies, we toiled slowly on in the darkness, passing several other emigrants hopelessly mired. At last, blinking lights, through the deep pine woods, indicated our approach to a large, pleasant station on the mountain summit, where we spent the night.

The next day we reached Umatilla, where ended a ride of nearly three hundred miles from Boise City.

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Rodgers was shot by
Scott who stood in a room
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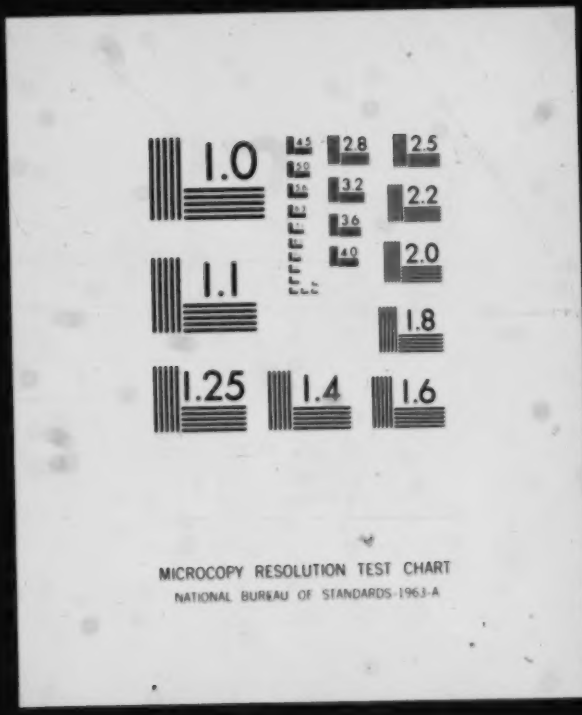

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